

NORTH DEVON.*

A DAY-DREAM IN THE LAND OF "LORNA DOONE."



F "peregrinations charm our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety that some count him unhappy who has never traveled," as the learned Burton would have us believe, most miserable wight indeed must he be who has never made a summer tour through North Devon, that garden of Western England and outworks wild of mystic Camelot.

Though "the knights are dust, their good swords rust," yet the natural and varied beauty of the landscape, richly endowed with folklore reminiscences of them, still insensibly leads one to dream of "the heroes of the Table Round."

Irresistibly is one allured by these peaceful glades and cool, mossy coombes of the land "where men think less of coronets than corn," and where one's vision is delighted, as Blackmore so sweetly says :

With length and landscape of the western moor,
Dark hills that wend in russet waves away,
Green valleys melting into vapors gray,
The sun that walks the golden height, the bloom
Of velvet shadows creeping down the coombe,
The banks and brooks that by their music earn
Fair coin of primroses, and plumes of fern.

There may one, indeed, with the talented author of "Lorna Doone,"

Rest his brain with these delights and share
All the brown vigor of the mountain air.

There can be few fairer sights, too, in this land of Lorna Doone than the picturesque panorama presented to the tourist's eye from any headland of the North Coast near Ilfracombe, as the day draws to a close, as the setting sun, bathing each restless billow of the western surge with lavish tints of its golden glory, sinks slowly to its rest so calm, "sealing a benediction on the day that dies."

Looms up afar, yet in bold relief against the still radiant sky, the rock-bound steep of Lundy—Lundy, that lonely storm-swept

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home of the crying tern, the restless gannet, and the wailing and wind-blown gull—that Gibraltar grim of the Bristol Channel, with her

One bleak tower whose single beauty lies
In the bright flame piercing the murky skies
And lighting far-off seamen on their ways,

warning them withal of her sad Scylla and as cruel Charybdis, the Hen and Chickens and the Shutter rock—Lundy, so sacred to Devon as the scene of the most touching passage in Kingsley's heroic prose.

Gaunt, gray-ribbed and grim, rise granite sentinels of cliffs around us and on every side. Sheer and steep they spring from the ocean's depths and harbor but the stunted bracken, or hold but the gorse-bush green.

Nameless as their fellow-sentinel of Herculaneum, with him and before he was, have they watched and withstood the eroding teeth of tempests, and the wash of the waves of time. Stern, rugged ramparts are they still of these western wolds so fair.



On yonder tall tor-top once blazed the Beltane fire, and on the more distant tableland, while the woad-dyed simple Briton watched with awe, chanted the hoar Druids in worship of the deities of Stonehenge, or bowed they before the dread divinities enshrined on Arbor Low. But now, alas,

Slumber the gods in the old Pantheon,
Silent the prayer and hushed the psalm.

* * * * *
Only the dust of their mighty pollen
Falls on the blossoms of fresher fields.

Passed has the primeval Kelt; dead and in dust his Druid seer so gray. Crumbled in the grave lies the golden torque, and only a grewsome fragment of bone marks the whilom and giant wearer. In the lone barrow of the bleak uplands Bretwalda sleeps well.

No more quakes the north moorland 'neath the serried ranks of the Roman—Eagles and Triarii have alike gone their way. Passed has the grim eorl to the "Hall of the Heroes," faded the dull carle from the face of the earth. Thane and Franklin who worshipped Woden have gone to the "witan" of the God they

revered. Furled forever rests "Ubba's Magic Raven"; sunk has his Viking war-ship in the surging seas of time.

Long dead and in dust are the heroes of the dawn-days of history; saga, folklore and bard alone hand them on.

Still one stands on the sacred ground of a more modern Walhalla of heroes great and gone.

"Mute inglorious Miltons" in many a village churchyard rest, and oft the green hill-slopes harbor the bones of the "village Hampden," wounded sore in one of the many Chalgroves of the "western risings." There rests the victim of infamous Jeffreys, here one tortured to death by Kirke.

Some of her sons sleep soundly and far across the seas, by the coral reefs of the Bahamas, or the swamps of Guiana's shore; for in those dream-days of El Dorado many a Devon hamlet sent her sturdy sons, with a Raleigh, Gilbert or Drake for leader, and the Spanish main for goal, to help harry the great silver-laden galleons of Castile, or to pounce on the pearl-fishers of swampy Panama. Then many a stout keel beside "the little REVENGE," carried "men from Bideford in Devon" as the backbone of her dauntless crew.

Kingsley's hero was but a type of the Elizabethan squire of Devon ("all born courtiers with a becoming confidence," as Queen Bess herself called them), who longed to cross rapiers with the dark-eyed Dons, languished for a cruise to the mystic West with "the Shepherd of the Ocean," and who in the dark days of the advancing Armada, "laden deep with death from Spain," mustered and launched every man he had to harass and hound that great, cumbrous, half-moon of moving menace to the realm of the Virgin Queen.

Raleighs, Gilberts, Drakes, Grenvilles, Chudleighs and Champernownes—what doughty deeds these Devon heroes did in the days when doughty deeds could be done.

Sown and scattered with her sons' bones are the swamps of far Virginia, watered with their heart's best blood many a green New England glade. Far out on the bleak and pathless prairie of the New World oft fell her children in carrying the freedom and civilization of a great white nation even to the bounds of the peaceful sea.

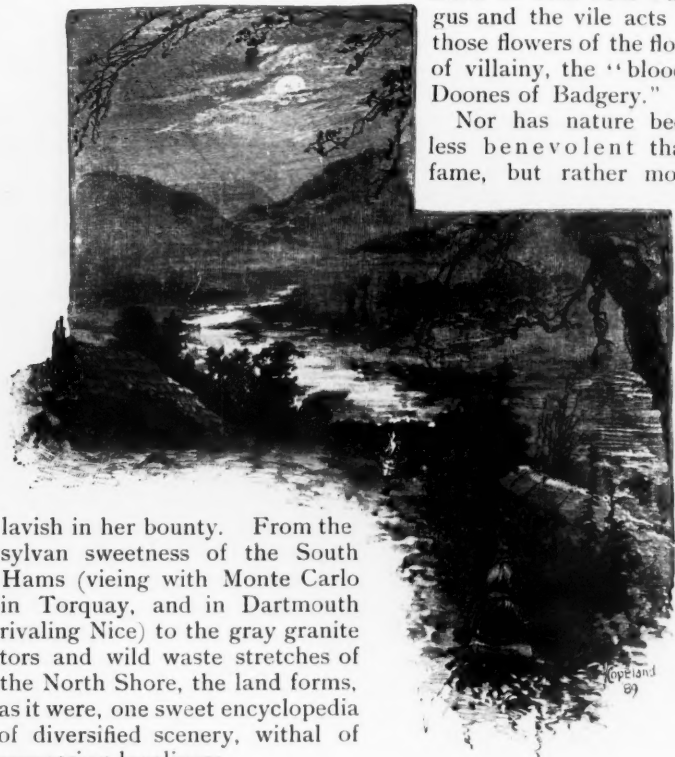
Some sleep 'mid the snows of the Khyber crags, others faced the false fiend Nana in the dripping shambles of Cawnpore.



Spread as the world's vast width is with the bones of her warrior sons, the fair mother soil has not been less productive in more peaceful heroes, nor in the more modern days of war.

To Devonshire it belonged for a prose poet to enshrine fair Lorna Doone and "girt Jan Ridd" on a monument "*ære perennius*" and on panels of the panoply to chronicle the daredevil deeds of bold Tom Fag-gus and the vile acts of those flowers of the flock of villainy, the "bloody Doones of Badgery."

Nor has nature been less benevolent than fame, but rather more



lavish in her bounty. From the sylvan sweetness of the South Hams (vieing with Monte Carlo in Torquay, and in Dartmouth rivaling Nice) to the gray granite tors and wild waste stretches of the North Shore, the land forms, as it were, one sweet encyclopedia of diversified scenery, withal of surpassing loveliness.

Though its Dan (by Dunkery Beacon) be but seventy short miles from the Beersheba of the South Hams shore, in that brief space are crowded scenes which surpass, and views and vistas which vie with, the fairest spots of Continental scenery.

From the rugged grandeur of its rocky shore, the russet, heather-scented reaches of its moorland wild, ever will the North Shore be the happy hunting ground of the artist, the lover of scenery, and that "Devonshire locust"—the summer tourist.

Fair Dawlish and trim Teignmouth, attractive in autumn and mild to a degree in winter, often swoon in the tropic heat of midsummer, but the fresh Atlantic breeze on the northern shore, "coming with brine upon its breath," strikes only to stimulate and soughs but to strengthen, whilst the varied verdure of the scenery around oft would move more than a moribund Falstaff to "babble o' green fields."

To those who have faced the blasts of an Arctic winter or the blizzards of the prairie bleak, indeed do these valleys seem the glades of an endless peace, fit Avilion sweet for the rest of King Arthur great, and long home of the tireless seekers who sought for the Holy Grail; indeed, do they form an ideal Arden.

Let the tourist there ascend the topmost tor of the Great Hangman Hill, above little Coombmartin, just as the day declines, and thence watch the great golden apple sink to its Hesperidean home—above him the vast tinted arch of the Great Creator's canopy, below, "the immemorial murmur of the sea." Dead, indeed, will he be to the beauties of the Devon scenery if he be not enchanted by the view, and pardonably may he covet the graceful facility of expression peculiar to Washington Irving, in order that he might adequately describe one-tenth of the rare picture so lavishly spread out before him.

To the west, like some huge distant leviathan, looms Lundy—beyond her—the open sea, while across the Channel glisten the bold cliffs and more distant hills of Glamorgan, o'erhanging Worm's Head, Port Eynon and Porthcawl.

Yonder white speck on the horizon is the famed Mumbles Light, nightly gleaming her silent greetings to her sisters of Scarweather and Lundy Isle.

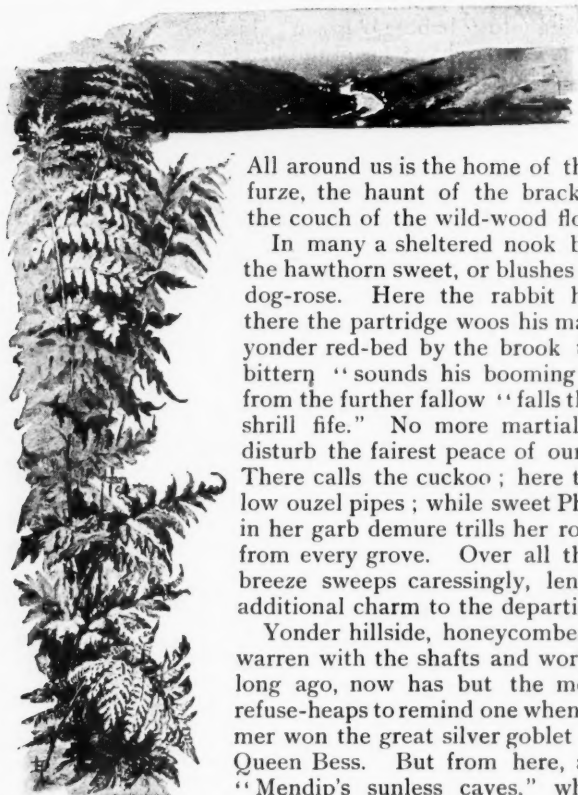
To the right hand races the young flood-tide, its advancing waves white-capped and surging as they sweep by Sillery Sands, Heddon's Mouth, Lynton and Lynmouth, Porlock and Minehead, until they lave the mud-banks of Avonmouth, and lightly lap against the stones of Bristol Quay.

Out on the tide's breast yonder steams that which seems but a toy ship; far below us she is, and some fifteen miles from land, but a powerful glass discloses the huge Atlantic liner bound for Bristol, which but a short ten days or so ago curtsied adieu to "Miss Liberty," threaded the Narrows of New York Bay, whistled a shrill farewell to the sentinel-twins on the Navesink Highlands, and, dipping deeply in the green sea-rollers, set her course from Sandy Hook for far and fair Fastnet.

Landward one turns to look on hills succeeding hills, and tors o'ertopping tors. Fern-fringed and heather-clad their russet, scented slopes all trend toward Exmoor wild—that lone,

bleak, beauteous wilderness of upland, moorland, "goyal" and wold, so sacred to Lorna Doone, so fitly the home of the wild red-deer.

Yonder the yellow cornfield of the hillside gleams bright; there the tiny grass-field of the uplands shows its verdant slope.



All around us is the home of the hardy furze, the haunt of the bracken, and the couch of the wild-wood flowers.

In many a sheltered nook blossoms the hawthorn sweet, or blushes the wild dog-rose. Here the rabbit harbors; there the partridge woos his mate. In yonder red-bed by the brook the rare bittern "sounds his booming drum," from the further fallow "falls the lark's shrill fife." No more martial sounds disturb the fairest peace of our Arden. There calls the cuckoo; here the mellow ouzel pipes; while sweet Philomela in her garb demure trills her roundelay from every grove. Over all the land-breeze sweeps caressingly, lending an additional charm to the departing day.

Yonder hillside, honeycombed like a warren with the shafts and workings of long ago, now has but the moss-clad refuse-heaps to remind one whence Bullmer won the great silver goblet of good Queen Bess. But from here, as from "Mendip's sunless caves," when the warning beacon of Dunkery blazed "a

nation's rousing through the night," started the rugged miners stern, to send the "Armada reeling from the coast."

Seaward, on the rocky shore "green as a beryl the breakers rise," minding one with their moaning of the weird fancy of the poet that

Souls of the dead who unhallowed lie
Sweep on the foaming breakers' flow,

while in the yeasty surge below bobs the black carcass of the

"Copperas Buoy," moored to its namesake rock, a terror to many a coasting schooner.

Away to the left is the sweet Lee Bay, nearer are the cliffs and caves of Watermouth, and beyond, fair Ilfracombe; afar and along the iron-clad coast stands Bull Point lighthouse, keeping its "ceaseless watch and ward," and at night throwing a red ray on the cruel "Morte Stone."

Mortehoe the bleak, Clovelly the beautiful, and wild Westward Ho! are further along the shore till the horizon trends toward the heights of Hartland, the rocky steepes of Bude, sweet Morwenstow and the stern cliffs of Tintagel. Home of Arthurian legend, land of the "silent bells of Bottreaux," the resting place of Hawker, and mother soil of Tre, Pol and Pen.

This is an ideal resting place; here can one stretch himself full length on the springy and heather-scented turf and alternately watching the changing hues in the arched canopy above, or looking toward the golden western horizon, dream like the Erse of old of sweet Hy-bressil, or all-healing Bimini, and thus drink deep the beauty of the dying day, until the falling shades and gradual chilling of the air remind that "night thickens and the crow takes wing to the rooky wood."

The evening creeps apace across the north moorlands, and downward and homeward the tourist turns his steps through wreath of bracken and festoon of ferns, down cool green coombes, decked out with dog-rose, and dressed with violet sweet; pausing perchance at one long rift in the rocky coast to watch the lone sentinel at the Mumbles flash out her bright "beware" and fade and flash out again.

Onward and downward, through a typical Devonshire lane, with high flower-scented banks on either side, the violet, heath, and fern below, the stars and the bats above, until the quaint old windows of the King's Arms Inn call to mind the prospective delights of "fat pullet and clouted cream," that heaven of "the friars of order gray," and main-stay of the Devon tourist of to-day.

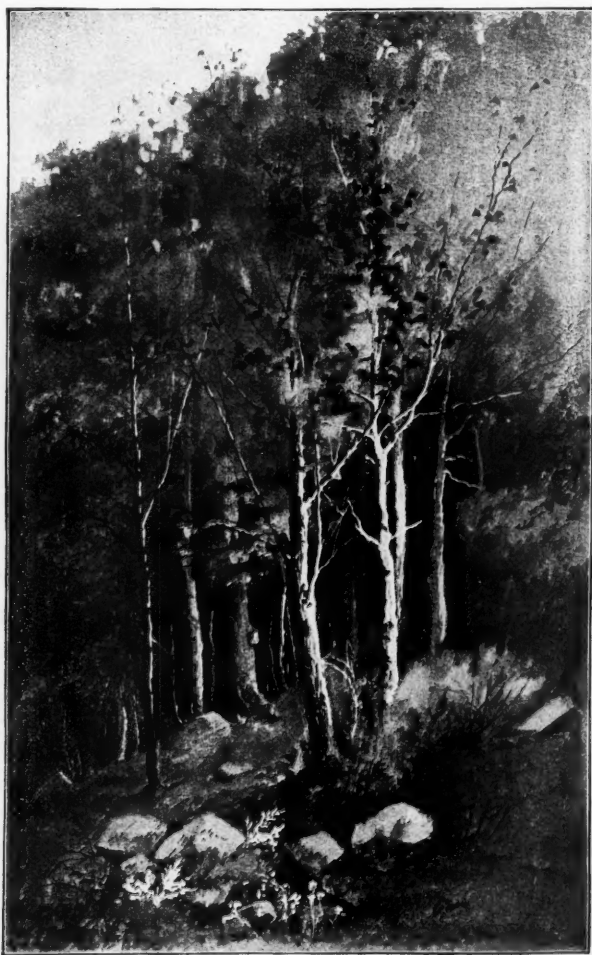
To judge by the average cosiness and comfort of one of these country hostelries, fair indeed would it be to suppose that Shenstone at one time there discovered "life's warmest welcome at an inn."

This is the land wherein to roam afar in the calm, still, moonlit night, and with "the moonlight flowing through the weir-work of the wood" along her leafy byways to saunter slow, when nature, hushed in slumber, seems the more beautiful because so still.

Then reigns if possible a more peaceful calm in our Arden, hushed is even the restless bee, or the moan of the wild wood-

dove ; only the dying land-breeze above us whispers through the woodlands as it wends to woo the sea.

Sweet in the moonlight stands fair Watermouth with its silvery, land-locked bay and caves so crooked and curious ; caves



too, that could "many a tale unfold" of the rich lace of Mechlin, or the silks of Lyons rare, or, as Blackmore's Will Watcombe called them, "nuts with liquid kernels (of *cau-de-vie*) floated in on that mysterious Gulf Stream." But policemen

and "preventives" have long ago put a stop to a regular Devonian industry and with smuggling, also relegated "the wreckers," to the page of the historian and the village folk-lore.

No traces but the caves remain, and the moaning threnody of the restless sea is the only mourner weeping for the wreckers' victims.

There is a reverse to this fair shield. It is when the wild December gale sweeps the Channel and the cruel "nor-easter" drives "the gale in the teeth of the tide," when the sea is a mass of fury and the cliffs are steeped in a seething foam; then on the cliff-top with a watchful coastguard for a companion, grand and



awe-inspiring is it to watch the wild havoc the waves would play. High up the rocky steeps spring the green sea-wolves, roaring a hoarse defiance and ravening for their prey, but the gray granite ever repels them and they fall defeated, but not discomfited, a mass of snowy seething surf, to augment and assist their succeeding sisters.

Cruel in their caresses are these iron-ribbed rocks, the stoutest keel soon crumbling in their embrace, while the sturdiest swimmer is borne but a bruised, mangled corpse on the morrow's tide of a sullen and sorrowing sea. From Mortehead to Minehead each little village "God's acre" on the coast holds some part of the harvest of the unknown dead, sailors storm-tossed on life's boisterous billows, who at last have reached eternity's calm anchorage, though only over the ever-moaning bar of cruel and sudden death.

Yet whether in stillness or in storm he views it, well worth the tourist's rambles ever will be this goodly province of Devon, gem and garden of white Albion's west.

Stuart Wade.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

LIKE sentinels grown weary, the withered stalks are standing
Where the lilies bloomed at Easter, side by side,
And the salvia has blossomed and, a prodigal in dying,
Scattered showers of scarlet splendor, far and wide.
We have seen the royal asters, in their pomp of gold and purple,
The velvet dahlias came and left us, too ;
We have kissed the last pale roses as they dropped their weary petals,
We have bidden all our summer dreams adieu.
The yellow leaves are falling, and the sad winds blow,
We seek the sunny corners where the Christ-flowers grow.

There's a sound of dropping acorns, and the happy squirrels chatter
As they scurry off to hide their winter store ;
Along the sandy beaches the sullen waves are beating,
Throwing tangled drifts of sea-weed on the shore.
The gulls are flying shoreward, with a noise of angry screaming,
With prophecies of storms and wrecks to be,
And afar there sounds a warning that our ears are quick at hearing,
The boom of solemn minute guns at sea.
The quiet inland river has a menace in its flow,
But there's prayer and praise and comfort where the Christ-flowers blow.

From out the rustling carpet that the russet leaves are making,
They turn their steadfast faces to the light ;
They have hoarded all the honey, all the store of wine untasted,
That the happy summer left them in its flight.
They bloom on, unaffrighted, though the dreary rains are falling,
They whisper dainty bits of fairy lore,
They laugh with us, they cheer us, and then with tender faces,
They preach their reverent sermons o'er and o'er,
With a glint of golden glory and a drift of purest snow,—
The breath of Heaven is sweeter where the Christ-flowers blow.

Mary Riddell Corley.

JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN.



CAN not speak of Ernest Renan without a deep religious reverence. This will seem strange to most of those who read this, for he has been known vaguely to our people as an arch enemy to religion and an infidel of the most pronounced type. But was he ?

Let us come close to the man and try to understand him. You have all heard of "Renan and Strauss" in sermons and in wholesale denunciation from people who thought to do God service by abusing somebody whom they knew little about. Renan and Strauss each wrote a life of Jesus. I have read both, and from both I am convinced more than ever before that Jesus really did live and really did do substantially what the New Testament says he did.

It is proper to think of these things in our Christmas issue. The Christ must predominate.

But this article, more especially, is to be given up to a criticism of Renan. Not a "criticism," perhaps, except that, in so far as I can, I desire to introduce him to a reading public which, as yet, has failed to understand him. His recent death gives me that opportunity. In the gloom of his loss let me try to set a little lantern which will serve to some one as a star.

"Do you remember from your rest in the bosom of God, those long days at Ghazir, where alone with you, I wrote these pages, inspired by the scenes we had just traversed ? Silent by my side, you read every leaf and copied it as soon as written, while the sea, the villages, the ravines, the mountains, were spread out at our feet. When the overwhelming light of the sun had given place to the innumerable army of the stars, your fine and delicate questions, your discreet doubts, brought me back to the sublime object of our common thoughts. One day you told me that you should love this book, first, because it had been written with you, and also because it pleased you. If sometimes you feared for it the narrow judgments of the frivolous man, you were always persuaded that spirits truly religious would be pleased with it. In the midst of these sweet meditations Death struck us both with his wing ; the sleep of fever seized us both at the same hour ; I awoke alone ! . . . You sleep now in the land of Adonis, near the holy Byblus and the sacred waters where the women of the ancient mysteries came to mingle their tears. Reveal to me, O my good genius, to me

whom you loved, those truths which master Death, prevent us from fearing it, and make us almost love it ! ”

Does this sound like the defiant battle cry of infidelity ? Is it not rather the gentle yearnings of a sweet and lovely soul seeking in another life the solace for such sorrow as this world had given it ? It seems to me that nowhere in our philosophy can we find a gentler or purer or sweeter soul than that which we have known in the flesh as Ernest Renan.

This century has known the cold classicism of Hume, the cynicism of Voltaire, the clear, yet almost brutal, logic of Thomas Paine. From the sentimentalism of Jean Jacques Rousseau to the crusty facts of Darwin and Tyndall and Huxley, there is a remarkable change in human thought, and the method of its thinking. Bishop Colenso, claiming to be orthodox, has attacked the Bible more heartily than many so-called infidels. Taylor from his “ Devil’s Pulpit ” has fought the word of God, and the unlearned herd, led by such men as Ingersoll, have trampled the name of Christ under foot.

In the midst of this rabble, and supreme above them all, came Ernest Renan who wrote the life of Jesus. And in writing it, he laid bare a tender and gentle and sweet soul, who could not help but be in full accord with the good God, and every pure impulse in all the universe.

In the Talmud it is written : “ God knows whether the hearts which seek him offer him all of which they are capable. During the existence of the Temple, the Lord received with equal favor the meat offering of a handful of flour, and the sacrifice of a bull. So now, the offering of the poor is just as acceptable as the utmost that the rich man can afford, if their hearts are equally with the Lord.”

No man can say of Renan’s intellect that it was poor or barren. Yet, from a Christian standpoint, it seems as if he gave the “ handful of flour ” instead of “ the sacrifice of a bull.” His profound learning, his wonderful intellect, his gentle heart, should have been in the pulpit, rather than in the forum. Could he have taken one step further he might have written a life of “ Christ,” instead of a life of “ Jesus.” “ Jesus ” was the carpenter’s son ; his name was a combination of languages—it was *yah-Zeus*, or Joshua. It carried with it the idea of one chosen to lead. And one of the Maccabees might have worn the title just as Joshua did. A leader of the people might be properly called Jesus.

But the Christ was another person. To him was given spiritual power and spiritual leadership. As Jesus lead in this world, so the Christ was to lead in the world to come. Renan wrote a life of Jesus, not a life of Christ.

But he wrote lovingly. His handful of flour was as precious as gold. With some stubbornness he refused the bullock, yet his sacrifice was very valuable. In the deepest heart of him there was a belief not only in Jesus the man, but in the Christ, the Son of the living God.

As to the mind of this man it becomes any one to speak modestly. To understand him thoroughly is in itself a liberal education. An epitome of our philosophy, a consensus of modern information, a scholar, a poet, a logician, a dreamer, a profound thinker, it is hard for any one of us to follow him. He has lived and died, and in his life has fertilized the world.

There was a geniality about Plato which partook somewhat of the Homeric poesy. Pythagoras etherialized the pyramids of Egypt, and Plato incarnated them in most supreme visions. To Plato the dream was a reality and reality was a dream. What the thought conceived, was to him, real; what the senses perceived, was to him a myth. The idea was above the actual, the dream more tangible than the reality. So the universe became a soul more certainly ascertained by the intellect than the body could be by the touch.

In the cold philosophy of Aristotle there was nothing left save the demonstrations of geometry. To him the soul was but a resultant effect produced by changes in the body. To him, as has been said in modern times, thought was but a ferment in the gray matter of the brain. In his theories idealism was like the mist of Indian summer, draping the distant hills with purple robes of beauty, yet unfelt, impalpable and unseen to those whose footsteps touch their borders. The rugged rocks he knew, the pines and cedars he could touch and understand their usefulness, but underneath them all the Power that made the rock a silent, stationary thing, and made the tree a thing of growth, he knew not.

To Ernest Renan there came with the unquiet unrestfulness of this most marvelous century the dreams of Plato, and the more material reasoning of Aristotle. A dreamer he was by instinct, a logician he became by education; whatever he dreamed or argued, he was true to his own intellect, faithful to an honest heart, and not unworthy of a most angelic soul. He was not a Bacon, a Chillingworth, a Hobbes, or a Kant, in his philosophy; nor in his poetry, a Shakespeare or a Milton or a Goethe, yet he was both poet and philosopher, peer of the best in intellect and behind no one in all the sweet and tender graces that made manhood fit to ripen into angelhood. As he says in one of his lectures, "Our religion will * * * reject more and more all political organizations as connected with the affairs

of the soul. It will become the religion of the heart, the innermost poetry of every soul. In ethics we shall cultivate a refinement unknown to the austere natures of the Old Alliance ; we shall become more and more Christian. In polity we shall reconcile two things which the Semitic nations have always ignored—liberty and a strong state organization. From poetry we shall demand expression for that instinct of the infinite which is at once our joy and our torment—at all events, our greatness. From philosophy, instead of the *absolute* of the scholastics, we shall demand delicate studies on the general system of the universe. In everything we shall seek after fine distinctions, subtlety, instead of dogmatism, the relative in place of the absolute."

This declaration might almost take the place in Renan's system of thought that the celebrated creed of Thomas Paine did in his "Age of Reason." But the one is the broad deliverance of a finished scholar, the other that of an iconoclast by nature, a Jacobin by enthusiasm, and an agitator by practice. Paine was not a theologian nor a philosopher nor a scholar. Frightened by a then prevalent idea that the Bible proved the divine right of kings—an idea which was then, and is to some extent now, in England, an almost essential part of the orthodox belief—he became rebellious both to church and state, and began studying the Scriptures solely with the purpose of finding objections to them, and discrepancies between the different books. It did not occur to him that the fact of their existence came very near proving in itself their inspiration. To him the Bible was merely "the argument of tyrants" and he hated it as he hated any kind of organized authority. He had the instinct of freedom about him, but it impelled him to favor license rather than liberty, to prefer the guillotine of the French Revolution as an instrument of man's deliverance, over the sword of Washington and the flintlocks of Bunker Hill.

And yet, upon the surface, the creed of Thomas Paine is not alarming. I have heard a pious lady, very zealous in the belief and practice of her favorite church, declare that it was the very best formulation of that church's doctrine she had ever known. But she did not know from whom it was quoted, and, when informed that it was the creed of Thomas Paine, she very promptly repudiated every word of it as heresy. It is this: "I believe in one God, and no more ; and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man ; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy."

This is not a magazine of theology, but it may not be amiss

to say—though it be a digression—that if there be a God and one hopes for happiness beyond this life, he should endeavor to show his faith and gratitude by worshiping the Deity. The creed of Paine only announces a belief in the first clause, and makes a bad paraphrase of the golden rule in the second. Nowhere does it inculcate the idea of worship and adoration. Yet the man who framed that creed was bold enough to say in another part of his works: "As to the Christian system of faith, it appears to me a species of atheism—a sort of religious denial of God. It * * * is as near to atheism as twilight is to darkness. It has put the whole orbit of Reason into shade."

The New Testament, from the Alpha of its first gospel to the Omega of its Revelation, is an incentive to God's worship, and a song of love toward the Father. In the golden rule of Christ and the apostrophe of charity of Paul, it inculcates an active, kindly, loving interest in our fellow-man; but that which makes it most essentially the last will and testament of our Lord Jesus, the Christ, is that deep, precious, all-pervading aroma of love, to the Father and from the Father, which is breathed through it by his only begotten Son as the Holy Spirit. A writer who asserts on one page that Christianity has three Gods, and, on another, that it is merely the shadow of an undeveloped atheism, is entitled to little respect from the scholar and the thinker.

In the philosophy of Ernest Renan such chaff never met consideration, nor even casual notice. In his great heart he must have pitied the poor creature whose narrowness and short-sightedness and bitterness warped his naturally strong judgment to such folly. In speaking of another person he refers to him as an exponent of "that experiment of religion without mystery, of rationalism without criticism, of intellectual culture without poetry." The man referred to was far the superior of Thomas Paine in every point of heart and soul and brain and scholarship. What he thought of Paine must be far below this estimate of William Ellery Channing.

Both Renan and Paine were anti-Semitic in their tendencies. Paine was so because he looked upon Judaism as part of Christianity—in fact, the foundation upon which the religion of Christ is erected. Renan was governed by different motives. The Semitic race seemed to him an obstacle in the path of Christian progress. To his mind it seemed that all modern development was to come from the Indo-European; and the Semitic nation, by its doggedness, its fixity of purpose, its unchangeable faith in its own destiny, and its unalterable devotion to its own traditions, stood like an eternal menace to the good work. Broadly catholic in all things, he did not despise the Jew as an individual, nor hate

Judaism from any partisan motives. But he preferred Jesus to Moses. He held that the two were as antagonistic as Mount Sinai and an ocean steamer—the one stood changeless and stern and irresponsive, waiting for men to come to it; the other traversed the earth, carrying the fruits of every land to every other land.

“The future,” said he, “belongs to Europe, and to Europe alone. Europe will conquer the world, and spread through it her religion, which is law, liberty, respect for man, the belief that there is something divine in the heart of humanity. In all departments progress for the Indo-European people will consist in departing farther and farther from the Semitic spirit.”

He, indeed, understands well the eternal opposition between two ideas. The Jew retains his Semiticism—he refuses to become other than a Jew. He quotes again from the Talmud the parable of the fishes, who, when invited by the fox to come out on dry land so to escape the angler's net, said, “If we are indeed in danger in our own element, how much greater would be our risk in leaving it?” And in times of danger and oppression, when life was barely worth the living, they stood firm, quoting to each other from the same Talmud: “Prayer is Israel's only weapon, a weapon inherited from its fathers, a weapon proved in a thousand battles. Even when the gates of prayer are closed in heaven those of tears are open.”

Unquestionably Judaism is the religion of a nation, but in no sense the religion of humanity. The God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, of Moses and the prophets, speaks in Holy Writ of “*my* people Israel.” But “in *my* Father's house are *many* mansions,” says Christ, that the Gentiles may also hope.

Nor does Renan find in the religion of Mahomet more consolation than in Judaism. His essay on Islamism is less quotable than any of his works. But through every line of it breathes the unrest of a soul not satisfied with any Oriental thought. He considers that religion more flexible than Judaism—not the thought of any nation, but the result of religious dissatisfaction working like leaven among a special class of human beings. He believes that it can be modified to suit changing conditions of progress, and made to conform to the facts discovered by modern science. Yet in a soul thoroughly reverential he can find no reverence for the prophet of Islam, no adoration for his teachings.

Among the different doctrines of Christian churches he seems to favor most whatever is nearer to the heart of the Latin races. I should think that if he had united with any church Rome would have been his choice. His mind was essentially Catholic; his early memories were redolent of the incense from the high

altar and made bright by the flame of blessed candles ; his finger tip had known the touch of holy water, and he had sat at the feet of the fathers in the church. Who can say but that when his eye glazed, and his ear grew dim, he did not hear the *introit* and the *missa est* chanted in his failing heart. Let us hope that in his last moments he was not without some echo of his early faith in Christ that we might say of him :

“ Happy art thou, Rabbi Akiba, that thy soul went out in purity, for the happiness of all futurity is thine.”

His life was a very pure one. The four people who were first to him in all the world were women—his wife, his mother, his sister and his daughter. But he loved all women, and, said he :

“ I often fancy that the judgments which will be passed upon us in the Valley of Jehosaphat will be no more nor less than those of women, countersigned by the Almighty.”

As I said in the beginning of this essay, its object is not so much a criticism of Ernest Renan as an introduction of him to our readers. In the American magazine there is not so much heavy matter as the foreign periodicals can furnish. It is looked to for amusement rather than for information, but we should not seek altogether what can only serve to while away an idle moment and be forgotten the next instant. The life of this man has been one of the great events in our century, and deserves more than a passing reference. To do him justice, critically, would require great ability in the writer, as well as months of constant labor. To say something of him which will stimulate others to seek a better knowledge of him can be done in the compass of such an article as this. I have tried to do that, and only that, and yet this article has, in spite of my efforts to curtail it, grown to larger proportions than were dreamed of.

But the question will present itself to those who see this, “ Shall we read Renan's works ? ” If to disbelieve some things which were taught you in childhood in your Sunday-school will make you regret the religion you have so long venerated, then do not read him, nor any other able writer who rejects the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. Dr. Briggs has been tried for heresy in New York and Dr. Smith is now on trial for the same offense in Cincinnati. Neither of them believe the Scriptures to be literally and verbally inspired so as to make every translated word binding on ministers or laymen. They stand upon the essential facts and admit their truth.

As to Renan's belief about Jesus it is difficult to say. Possibly he never fully understood himself. He says :

“ As for us, eternal children condemned to weakness, we

who labor without harvesting, and shall never see the fruit of what we have sown, let us bow before these demigods. They knew what we do not know : to create, to affirm, to act. Shall originality be born anew, or shall the world be henceforth content to follow the paths opened by the bold creators of the ancient ages? We know not. But, whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will grow young without ceasing; his legend will call forth tears without end; his sufferings will melt the noblest hearts; all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus."

Believing him to be honest and true, let us say of him : "If all be vanity, he who has consecrated his life to truth will be no more duped than others. If all the good and true be real, and we are sure they are, their seeker and lover will unquestionably have breathed the finest spirit."

J. Soule Smith.

DECEMBER.

DULL and gray
Is the dying day
In the silent and white December weather;
The wind is chill,
And the world is still,
And the Summer and Autumn lie dead
together.

As the end draws near,
And the white-haired year
Turns the closing page of his life's book
under,
Do vague regrets
For the June sunsets
And the dreams of his youth make him
sad, I wonder?

W. H. Field.

MAJORCA HERON AND MINORCA.



IT all happened some time before the days when the *Alabama* steamed into Port Royal, in old Jamaica, wearing a somewhat dishevelled appearance after her victorious tussle with the *Hatteras*, and Semmes was lionized by the Confederate-sympathizing creoles of our island. And yet it was many years after the Golden Age of Jamaica had ended with the abolition of negro slavery.

Old Tom Heron would have been taken by any one for a favorable specimen of the class doomed to extinction—the liberally educated, conservative, hospitable, Jamaica planter. He was more fortunate than most of that class, having inherited an income diminished by only about seventy-five per cent. There was still enough of it left to maintain something like the standard of living affected by Jamaica planters of the earlier and ante-Wilberforce days—that of an English country gentleman. He had the traits of

his class. His being himself an old Carthusian was sufficient reason why young Tom should be sent at the proper age to the Charterhouse. Mrs. Heron had been presented at the Court of St. James, and for that reason alone, even if there had not been the additional motive of reverence for the throne, her daughters would have been presented. These daughters were Majorca and Minorca. They were twins, but Majorca had been the bigger baby than Minorca, so that their nomenclature, if not conservative like most things that appertained to Tom Heron, was ingenious and, in design at least, facetious, and old Tom liked that sort of thing, too.

The Misses Heron had been fully prepared to illumine society according to the formula prescribed by tradition for Jamaica young ladies, which is to “go home” at an early age—your true Jamaica creole never speaks of England but as “home”—to

remain for a term of years, absorbing more or less of European culture, and finally, to be presented at Court. After this the Jamaica girl "comes out," which, in Jamaican phrase, serves to express both the social *debut* and the actual journeying from Europe to the Colony.

When Majorca and Minorca came out, instead of going immediately to the Heron estate, which was in a remote part of the island, they sojourned at a certain penn, just outside of Kingston and only a short distance from the gate of Up Park Camp, the cantonments of the negro troops. At any other season they would certainly not have preferred the Liguanea Plain to their own high, cool district, but it was that time of the year when, at evening, a sweet, fresh air comes down upon the Plain, and the negroes greet it with cries of "Christmas breeze!"—the herald of Christmas jollification, Christmas gifts, and all Christmas good things.

Now the detachment quartered at Up Park Camp was the Second West India, Second Battalion; and the senior lieutenant of its second company was one Frederic Atherton. Lieutenant Atherton had exchanged into the Second West for the sake of getting his step. He was far too brilliant a youth to settle down permanently as a white officer of negro infantry; a man of many inches, darkly handsome, with distinguished manners, and driving with consummate skill a tandem of tall English sorrels in a tall dog-cart, the wheels and slats of which were picked out in vivid red.

A young man naturally becomes interested in damsels whom he sees daily for three weeks in the solitude of ocean, and it had been Atherton's destiny to make the voyage from England on board the same steamer with the Herons. He was introduced to the young ladies and their mother, and followed up the introduction by securing a seat at table between the two daughters, leaving their mother to the captain's care. For some days his service was impartial; then his remarks began to wear an air of being more particularly designed to interest Majorca. Minorca very soon got into the way of simply glancing at her sister when Mr. Atherton would say, "Won't you come and look at the porpoises?" and would then return to the fascinating page of "Lady Audley's Secret." Before they reached St. Thomas it seemed quite the natural and regular thing for Majorca and Atherton to be studying marine phosphorescence at the vessel's stern every evening, from eight o'clock till nine.

But why this should have been so—why Majorca should prefer Atherton, and Minorca Miss Braddon—why Atherton should seem as well contented with Majorca's choice as with

Minorca's, is not easy of explanation. It could not have been altogether the attraction of like to like, for Majorca's hair was a soft auburn, with warm gleams wherever the light touched it, her eyes were blue, her skin was white as milk and rosy as the the dawn. Neither could it have been altogether the attraction of contrast, for Majorca had kept the start of her sister from babyhood, and when she stood by Atherton, he looked less like a giant than by the side of most women. For the story, however, it is enough to say that they were head over ears in love before the steamer *La Plata* touched at the Kingston steam wharf.

Soon after their landing, it being race week, there was a ball at Headquarters House. As the dark Englishman and the fair creole waltzed together, old I. W. D.—known by those initials as the horsiest man and most successful thorough-breeder in Jamaica—standing by a doorway chatting with Gray McMurdo, famous, among other things, for knowing the pedigree of every white face on the island, remarked that, "Those two would make a devilish fine pair, sah—a devilish fine pair in harness."

McMurdo's gray eyes gave a mischievous twinkle as he nodded. Of course somebody overheard what I. W. D. said—what I. W. D. said always was overheard, because his old-time Jamaica drawl was very loud and distinct, and was always repeated, because the drawl was considered comical and easy to mimic.

So Smith, of the Second West, asked Brown, of the Colonial Bank, "Is it true that Atherton of Ours is engaged to Miss Heron?" and Brown answered, "You don't say so! Sharp work that!"

Then Brown, walking home before dawn, by way of Duke street, told it to Kennedy, of H. M. S. *Pluto*, for a fact. Kennedy said, "Bosh! why they haven't known each other for more than five weeks."

"Well, I had it from a Second West man, and he ought to know."

"A Second West man may possibly not know all he ought—and perhaps more."

Brown took time to think over the seafaring man's sententious utterance, but his study was interrupted by three midshipmen in full cry after a street hog. Kennedy, as a ward room officer, thought it his duty to pursue the midshipmen, and Brown, as his host for that night, felt bound to pursue Kennedy.

However, Smith, Brown, Kennedy, O'Flaherty and others all told much the same story the day after the ball, and within

twenty-four hours from the time of I. W. D's remark as many calf-loves had expired in despair. Majorca, being a tall, commanding girl, had inevitably attracted throngs of beardless admirers.

Nor was there any hope for the disappointed in her darker and more compactly beautiful sister. Very soon after her arrival Minorca had fallen in with Hippolyte Navarre, consul of H. I. M. Napoleon III., and a merchant of good repute, and between herself and this fascinating son of Martinique—for everybody agreed that Navarre was fascinating—there was already a tolerably good understanding.

It was unfortunate that old Tom Heron did not share this understanding, and it would have been fairer to Minorca to have sooner unburdened his mind to her as he did to Mrs. Heron; to the effect, namely, that Navarre was objectionable, first, as a damned Frenchman; secondly, as a similarly characterized shop-keeper; and thirdly, as a Romanist. Navarre was not long, however, in giving Minorca's father occasion to express these objections, by presenting his suit in true, formal, Gallic fashion.

He might have been expected to take umbrage at the manner of old Tom's refusing, but he was too much in earnest.

"Mr. Heron," he said, standing with his tall hat in the left hand and the right extended over his breast, "you will do me ze justice to know zat I am proud to be *a* French—and *a* Navarre!—for zis I make you no apology—for my affairs, I am wholesale—for ze question of religion, it is small question with men of progress. I myself am instructed Catholic; that goes—eleve in college—Louis-le-Grand,—but—sacre nom!—I can assure you, sir, I make of it small affair."

"However little you may make your religion, sir, what I object to is its quality."

And the obstinate old man persisted in sacrificing his daughter's present maiden happiness, which was in his keeping, to her future wedded happiness, which, in the last resort, must be in her own hands.

The penn where the Herons were staying consisted of an old-fashioned, high-gabled, green-blinded house, forming a quadrangle with stables, kitchen-buildings, and negro quarters at the back—the kitchen, for some recondite reason, in the side of the quadrangle opposite the house. Round all this was what would have been called in the Southern States a yard, in England, a good-sized lawn, but in Jamaica was a pasture.

The dark-leaved *lignum-vitæ* trees were putting forth their sweet-scented sky-blue and white blossoms in time to join the pale golden oranges in Christmas decoration. Farthest away from the house, by the carriage gate on the camp road, tall bam-

boos, thickly clustering, overhung the prickly dildo fence. And under the bamboos Atherton was walking with Majorca Heron. It was near sunset; the black parrots, thronging in the trees overhead, squeaked and chattered.

"May I ask, why this pensive silence?" said Atherton.

"Poor Min!"

"Is she still as down as ever about it?"

"Quite."

"I should have thought she would pick up sooner. She must have been very far gone."

"Couldn't you see she was?"

"Yes, but—"

"But—I'm afraid, Mr. Atherton, you think my sister—Well, go on—'But' what?"

"No, indeed I do not. Only, you know, a girl sometimes thinks herself harder hit than she is."

"Does a man—sometimes?"

"I believe I know your thoughts."

A silence of some seconds.

"Miss Heron—"

Another silence.

"Miss Heron—you and I have known each other quite a long time now."

"Quite an age!"

"No, but seriously—you can tell how you feel—after all those three weeks on board ship—and all."

"Never better in my life."

"*Please* listen to me seriously."

"Very well." This faintly.

"You know quite well what I want to say."

"Then why need I listen?" And she gave him a mischievous upward glance.

The Christmas breeze came among the bamboos; they rustled and sighed their thanks.

"You know that I love you, don't you? I want you to answer that first."

She stopped and began pulling the soft, young bamboo shoots.

"Give me my answer honestly."

"I believe—you do—honestly." And her head was bent over the bamboo shoots.

"And you—Ma—Maj—you love me?" With that he seized her right hand, bamboo shoots and all.

She was silent. The brown eyes looked expectantly, and the blue seemed afraid to meet them; but the little hand lay



"PLEASE LISTEN TO ME SERIOUSLY."

still in Atherton's, and at last the answer came—unless it was the Christmas breeze playing with those very small, lance-shaped leaves:

"Yes."

In consideration of their being so near both the road and to the gate, and because the sun had not set, Atherton restrained a very natural and very powerful impulse. But he felt happy and glorious enough for anything, and so in a more tranquil way did Majorca. Neither of them felt anxious as to what papa would say. Atherton was an Englishman, not a shopkeeper, and, presumably, as orthodox as military officers usually are. Moreover, according to the report of Mrs. Darcy, the commodore's wife, who knew his people at home, his expectations and family connections were alike good. So what was there to fear?

They had talked enough. It was time to be silent and happy, and so they went together.

"Skree--skree-ee-ee," cried the interlocked bamboos, in chromatic runs in the fourth position.

"Heavens! what's that?" exclaimed Atherton, starting and looking up.

Majorca laughed merrily as chimes: "'A soldier, and afeard?'" she called, in anything but Lady Macbeth's horror-hushed voice.

"Is it those trees? By Jove! how very uncanny!"

And indeed the sound is uncanny, when the sun is going down quickly, almost suddenly, extinguishing his crimson blaze behind the St. Catherine's Mountains, and the smooth spars creak in those impenetrable bamboo thickets.

The road to Half-Way Tree Church is, like other Jamaica roads, dusty, except just after the rains. The drive to and from church is usually a warm one in that climate. Most pious and commendable, then, is the old Jamaica custom of the after-service sangaree.

It was Sunday. The guests at the penn were assembled and met together for the solemn rite, and the cool, fragrant, amber liquid was being passed around.

Old Tom Heron, with tumbler in one hand and left thumb thrust into the armhole of his buff Marseilles waistcoat, regarded his daughter Majorca beamingly.

"I say, Mac," he said to Gray McMurdo, who was their host; "don't you think it's nearly time for our military friend to be saying what he means by all this?"

"For shame, Tom!" admonished Mrs. Heron, with her arm lovingly about Majorca.

"We give him one more week, sir, from to-day," said McMurdo, "and then a declaration or—thirty paces at sunrise."

Up went the crutch-headed cane into correct duelling-pistol position, elbow well down, wrist level, thumb low on the stock, in case of accident.

Majorca blushed deep and looked with brimming eyes at "poor Min."

"Mr. McMurdo," said Mrs. Heron, "can you call yourself a Christian and talk like this just after coming out of church—on the Lord's day?"

"Madam, my Bible teaches me to love my enemies and them that spitefully use me, but that is no reason why I should see my friends spitefully used."

Everybody knew that this was all *brutum fulmen*. For everybody knew that it was good twenty years since a gentle lady had exacted from Gray McMurdo a sacred promise never to be concerned in another duel. Until that time he had been facetiously known among the negroes as "Misser Mek Murder," but since then they had changed it to "Misser Mek Peace."

"Yes," said old Tom, "a man must forgive his enemies, but, hang it, there must be no trifling with his daughter's affections."

Majorca looked appealingly from "poor Min" to her father, then, seeing that it was useless to expect mercy, led her sister from the room.

"Why, God bless my soul! hasn't Min forgotten that Frenchman yet?"

"No, Tom," said Mrs. Heron. "And I think you might be more considerate of the poor child's feelings. You may ask for obedience, but you can not expect callousness from such a girl as Min."

"Yes, Heron," said the whilom "Mek Murder," "you will have to bear easy on her for some time."

"Oh! she'll soon get over all that stuff, with all these young red-coats about her too."

But Atherton was well within the time allowed him by Gray McMurdo's ultimatum.

On Monday morning, soon after breakfast, came a coal-black Fantee private of the Second West, picturesque in huge blue Zouave trousers, yellow-laced scarlet vest, white body, and snow-white turban. This savage had few words—"Misser Hairin,"—and, meaning to be pleasant, he displayed a splendid row of large, carefully filed teeth, as he handed in a note.

From this note "Misser Hairin" drew satisfaction through a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses, sat down, and wrote an answer

off-hand, with which and a macaroni he dismissed the brilliant barbaric figure.

Then he sent for Majorca, who came blushing.

"What is it papa?"

"A letter, my dear—just a business letter, which I thought you might like to see." And he kissed Majorca, patting her on the shoulder, as he put away the eyeglasses.

"From—?"

"Yes, *from*— From Lieutenant Atherton."

"And—are you going to shoot each other?"

"Well, not *this* time, I think. Here, take and read it. I can tell you what I said in answer, if you like."

"Yes or no?" called Majorca, peeping back through the door, to which she had already retreated with the letter.

"Not exactly yes, nor exactly no, but something like yes."

Away darted Majorca, up to her mother's room, to read the fateful document.

Then it was officially intimated to all whom it might concern that the engagement of Majorca Heron to Lieutenant Atherton of the Second West was a fact.

Smith of the Second West and Brown of the Colonial Bank, with O'Flaherty and others, were assembled at Groom's, when O'Flaherty asked, "Heard the news?—Miss Heron's engagement to Atherton? All settled."

"Oh! can't you tell us something fresh, old man?" says Brown. "Why I told you that myself three weeks ago. I remember telling you, too, Smith, didn't I?"

"I remember asking you if the report was true," says Smith.

"And I remember hearing Kennedy, of the *Pluto*, say that you told him that you had it from Smith," put in little Robinson.

"Why, you fabulous young monster! I told Kennedy that night coming from the ball at—"

"At Headquarters House," interrupted Smith, "where I asked you, and you knew nothing about it."

"Well, go and ask Kennedy, now—"

"Don't you do it, my boy," says O'Flaherty; "you might get your feet wet."

"At any rate, it's all settled now," says Robinson, with a sigh.

"There's just as good fish in the sea, Robinson, as ever came out of it. So I wouldn't be thinking about feeding the sharks yet, Bobby."

So the little hive of Kingston society buzzed over this new

thing for awhile. And day after day the tall dog-cart came through the gate on the camp road, and the flush in Majorca's cheeks answered the flash of the red-streaked wheels. The scent of the Martinique roses and oleanders and cape jasmine, and of the sky-blue and white *lignum vitæ* blossoms in the pasture, grew sweeter and sweeter to Majorca every day, and every evening the breath of the Christmas breeze came balmier than the evening before.

But for the thought of "poor Min," it seemed that Majorca would have gone delirious with joy. There were dark rings now about Minorca's brown eyes, and her little face was losing the girlish roundness of its outline. It was sad for her sister to look at her like this and be able to do nothing for her sorrow.

Yet the days went by swift-winged—seven of them—eight—then a Tuesday. It had been on a Tuesday evening that they two had walked under the bamboos.

The two sisters were sitting with interlaced arms in the fork of the big plum tree, close by the bamboos and the camp road gate. It was sunset, and they could hear the bamboos rustling and creaking in the Christmas breeze. The sound brought a soft smile of reminiscence over Majorca's face. He was to have come this evening, too, but something unforeseen must have prevented him. Then she remembered Min's trouble, and her face was sad. Min was the first to speak.

"I'm so sorry, Maj; he ought to have sent you word if he couldn't come."

"Oh, *that* isn't troubling me! He may have been suddenly sent on duty. You know Captain Vanstow's been on the sick list."

"What does trouble you, then?"

No answer, only a soft little kiss on Min's tiny ear.

"Don't, Maj," groaned Min, "you make me silly." And the tears came.

Majorca had always played the elder sister. Her arm went round Minorca's neck, and the little head came down on her shoulder.

"Maj."

"Yes, Min."

"Promise me—something."

"What, dear?"

"Promise me—not to—promise me you won't think any more about me—about my—my trouble."

"No, dear, I will *not* promise you. I *will* share your trouble—I want you to share my joy, don't I?"

And so they walked together back to the house and gave up the dog-cart for that evening.

But it was not Captain Vanstow's illness that had kept Atherton from coming.

A letter had been written the night before on Long Mountain and delivered that morning at Up Park Camp.

This is the letter that stopped the red-streaked wheels of the dog-cart :

"COMMODORE'S PENN,
"LONG MOUNTAIN, MONDAY.

"*Dear Mr. Atherton :*

"You have no doubt thought it strange that I should not have been among the first to congratulate you on your engagement to such a charming girl as Majorca Heron. Yes, I admit she is charming.

"To congratulate you before any one else would have been a pleasant assertion of my right as your aunt's old and intimate friend. But friendship imposes unpleasant duties, too. Believe me, I have thought earnestly—even prayed—before taking the decision which has led me to write this.

"In one word, not to keep you longer in suspense, do you know that the Herons are *colored*? I know it on unimpeachable authority.

"If you are unwilling to accept my bare assertion in the face of so strong a presumption to the contrary, go and ask Mr. Heron to tell you *who his mother was* ; or else search the register of the parish of St. Elizabeth.

"Mr. McMurdo, who knows everybody's family history, could tell you that what I say is perfectly true, were not his mouth closed. They are his guests. Pray do not misunderstand me. I accuse no one of a *deliberate scheme*.

"Perhaps you will think me officious, but I must take that risk. As you well know, I can have no personal interest in interfering with your engagement. But what *would* they say in Hunts if you—an Atherton—brought a colored wife into the county? Believe me always,

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

CAROLINE DARCY.

"P. S.—I can give you my authority for all I say, and then, if you like, you may go and question my informant."

The morning after that evening when Majorca and her sister had sat together in the fork of the big plum tree, there came again to the penn the same uniformed savage, with the same display of filed teeth and another letter. But from this letter the eyes and gold-rimmed glasses of old Tom Heron drew less satisfaction than from the former.

"Good God!" was all the old man said; "I brought it on her!"

Then, being a man and, in such crisis as this, a coward, he called for his buggy and drove into town "on business"—in plain English, ran away. But when the sun that evening was sending long yellow shafts over the polished floor of Mrs. Heron's room, she gave Majorca the letter which the Fantee had



"OH, MOTHER! MOTHER! WHY DID YOU NEVER TELL ME?"

brought. The poor girl had seen the messenger come and go that morning, but could not ask his errand, could only have faith in the man she loved—and her father had gone into Kingston "on business." She was very pale as she took the letter and saw her mother fling herself on the glossy, chintz-covered sofa, pressing clasped, writhing hands to her forehead. But curiosity was still Majorca's predominant feeling. Mrs. Heron

had said, "From Mr. Atherton," and Majorca had too much trust in her lover to anticipate any blow from his hand. It was all a mystery to her. Then Minorca came to her side and saw her face grow paler and paler, till the lips were livid.

"Mother!—Water!"

It was Min's turn to play the elder sister for once. She put Maj in the long chair and quickly brought water. But Majorca was no fainting girl. In another moment—as soon as her lips were moist—she called, "Mother, I insist—is this true—what he says?"

Sitting with her hands on the elbows of the chair, she called aloud in a dry, peremptory voice, but when no answer came—only a convulsive sob—then resentment seemed to give place to pity—pity for her mother and for herself.

She knelt on the floor: "Mother!—Mother!—tell me if it is true—tell me it is not true!"

Still no answer but sobs.

Then there came from the victim such a moan as you may hear by a man's deathbed when his young wife first understands all that is meant by the doctor's shake of the head.

At last came the merciful tears—"the gentle dew from heaven,"—and Min's fell in sympathy with a sorrow she only partly understood—only that it was like her own and was her sister's.

"Oh, mother! mother! why did you never tell me?"

Nor was it any light matter for Atherton. He could not stay there, at the camp, within a stone's-throw of her. One night he had stayed there in mortal dread of what the morrow would bring forth. He had ridden quickly to the Commodore's penn and questioned Mrs. Darcy. The next morning his letter to Mr. Heron failed to bring the contradiction for which he was hoping against hope. There was no more hope, and he went away—up into the hills. On the evening when Majorca's tears were flowing fast in that high-gabled house on the Liguanea Plain, while her mother underwent the torture of that terrible, "Why did you never tell me?" the wretched lover—for lover he still was—rode slowly along a bridle-path far up in the Port Royal Mountains. He was dazed. The memory of her blue eyes haunted him; then he thought of the word "colored" almost without reference to its meaning, only seeing the angular characters in Mrs. Darcy's letter; then again there came the memory of how her hand felt in his, under the bamboos, when the Christmas breeze was blowing down there on the Plain; and then the words, "What would they say in Hunts?"

"Skree—skree—ee—ee."

It was not his fancy. Here too, on this mountain road, there were bamboos, and the Christmas breeze was blowing. The weird sound came to him like a warning after the catastrophe, mocking him with the memory of that soft, merry, jibing voice, " 'A soldier, and afeard?'"

But then—"colored"—"What would they say in Hunts?"

He could not believe that *she* had deceived him. It was that respectable, jolly old man, with his conservative notions and his prejudices, his recollections of "dear old Charterhouse," and his regrets for the days when gentlemen drank Madeira in Jamaica—it was he who had wrecked their two lives, and one of them was her's—Majorca's! No, he must not think of her; he must let his thoughts dwell on that old scoundrel. How should he ever be revenged? How avenge Majorca?

The question would, indeed, have been answered very unfortunately for old Tom Heron had he chanced to be within reach of Atherton's heavy crop just at that moment.

"It's an ill wind that blows no one luck." A case in point is that of M. Hippolyte Navarre. He could not, of course, intrude at the penn, but, meeting Mr. Heron on the piazza in Harbor street, he barred his passage and, oblivious of bystanders, plunged at once, epic style, "*in medias res*."

"Sir, I demand you ze right—I implore you ze right to chastise zis *in-sol-ent-t!*"

Old Tom was not clear, at the outset, as to M. Navarre's drift.

"Zis *in-sol-ent-t-t!* You, sir—you are now en old man—your son is but en infant—scholar of ze Chartreuse——"

"Mr. Navarre, I am deeply obliged——"

"But I insist, sir, to be 'eard"—and the words now came too fast to leave a chance for interruption. Hippolyte was now all Parisian and no West Indian. "Zere is 'ere no one who shall make for you ze appeal—I ask, zen, ze right—I, *parole d'honneur*, will build of it no claim—I ask ze right to send to Mees-terre At-therton my *cartel*."

"But, Mr. Navarre——"

"Ah! you say, *per-haps*, 'He is damn shopkeeper'——"

"I assure you, sir——"

"Leave to me but my *fleurette*—*mille diables!*—and Mees-terre At-therton. He is military—I am French——"

And here the unhappy father of Majorca saw, and snatched, an opportunity of escaping. So Navarre was left with no *locus standi* before the code, or there would have been a duel ere many suns had set. He was obliged to see Atherton leave the island unscathed. The enterprising Ashantees having organized

a skull hunt on a scale of unusual magnificence, the First Battalion of the Second West had been ordered to the Gold Coast, and Atherton was allowed to accompany them.

But Navarre's constancy won. He could never fully understand the feeling with which the English regarded the Hamite taint. It seemed to him—he had passed nearly all his youth in Paris—something irrational, rustic, *obscurantiste*—

"And ze great Dumas? what do you make of Alexandre Dumas?"

Old Tom Heron was humbled. His intense British conservatism began to look awkward in the light of what all Kingston



"HE IS MILITARY—I AM FRENCH."

was gossiping about. Moreover, he felt that both his daughters were now heartbroken, and could not persuade himself that he was innocent. His own sentence, "I brought it on her!" stood against him. It was the intuition of what was passing in Heron's mind that made Gray McMurdo ask Navarre to dinner at the penn.

"Sir," said Navarre, "do you speak serious? Zere are things—But no, sir, you are too much *galant homme*—"

"Well, I beg that you will do me the favor of dining at my

house, Mr. Navarre, and to-morrow evening. Mind! Seven o'clock, sharp!" The Herons were to leave for their own home within a very few days.

And Hippolyte went to dinner at the penn. Majorca's next offer of marriage was some time after M. and Mme. Navarre had left the island for their bridal tour. It was her last. A pert young quadroon from Barbadoes and King's College, London, having heard the Heron family story, and esteeming himself "a barrister and a gentlemen," presumed upon both his information and his self-conceit. But old Tom, with small expense of words, kicked him out of doors.

So, years afterwards, in happy Martinique, you might have seen several little bare-legged brats climbing about a sweet, soft-voiced English lady, whom they called "Tante Madre."

The thirst was not gone, but she could almost forget it in Minorca's happiness.

"I *will* share your trouble," she had said.

Evan Macpherson.

IN LATE DECEMBER.

INTO the redbird's swaying nest,
That hangs in the thicket dense and low,
Where warrior winds ride out of the West,
And all the cold, wet underbrakes
Grow spongy-white with sifted flakes,
At twilight falls the snow.

Charles J. O'Malley.



MRS. ALWAYN'S CHRISTMAS.



It was a beautiful morning preceding Christmas day, the sun shone brightly, melting the snow and showing great black patches of earth where snow had lain when day first dawned. "It's a fine day for Eben's trip to town," said Mrs. Miller, as she turned the ham she was frying for breakfast.

"Eben!" she called to the thin, meditative man coming toward the house with milk pail in one hand and a damaged bridle in the other, "do step a little spryer and come and eat your breakfast so you can hurry off to town; don't stop to split any wood; with the coal we have and what you split last night, we'll try and get along till you come back. Bring as big a load of coal as you can, for this is only a weather breeder, and we'll need it before you go to town again, likely."

Her docile spouse swallowed his breakfast silently, listening to his wife's admonitions and charges not to forget this or that article mentioned upon the list Mrs. Alwayn was writing out. "And don't forget," began Mrs. Miller, finishing the sentence in a whisper with her mouth to his ear, looking slyly at her guest, for she could not refrain from showing by her air of mystery that the sad, lonely woman was to be remembered by a gift.

Eben drew on his greatcoat and his furry mittens, climbed into the high green wagon, and there was a crunching of wheels over the snow patches and a deafening rattle over the frosty ground as the span of gray mules started off at a good pace across the billowy plains toward the town, fifteen miles away.

"Now, just let me bake you another plate of cakes," said Mrs. Miller, entering the house after supervising the departure of her spouse. She bustled about, shaking and poking the fire and shoving things around with a bang.

"Seems to me you don't eat anything," she continued, "and while you were making out that list of things for Eben your cakes got stone cold."

"I have plenty, thank you, Mrs. Miller," the woman addressed responded, lifting her eyes to the kind, homely face of her hostess and showing them filled with tears.

"There, there," the other said soothingly, "don't worry so; husbands must die and women be left to struggle alone, and all we can do is to bear it, as it's the Lord's will. I don't know as it's right to say so, but it does seem as though he tries us pretty

hard, sometimes, but we always live through it, somehow. This Christmas will be the hardest for you, the first one since his death, but the edge of all trouble gets dull with time, and you'll be yourself again when another Christmas rolls around. It will be livelier for you in town than here, for Eben and I ain't very good company, and you need never worry about the baby, for he'll be as safe with me as with you; bless his dear heart, there he is now, wide awake and beginning to talk to himself as contented as though he never expected such a thing as breakfast."

The slight young woman in the cheap black dress arose from the breakfast table and entered the bedroom adjoining the kitchen, where her baby boy lay.

He was a rosy youngster something over a year old, the tangible reminder of her brief married happiness, indeed her only happiness, for life had always seemed, before, like a struggle up a steep, barren incline until a dear, helping hand had clasped her own and led her to the summit. But that hand had dropped powerless after two short years and she was alone now but for the sweet child which was an added burden as well as comfort.

The land her husband had owned under the homestead law was all he had left her, for the few head of stock and the span of horses had been sold to defray the expenses of illness and final death.

So as poor Mary Alwayn could devise no way of making the land yield an income she decided to sell her right to it, and the Millers were the purchasers.

The family by whom she had been reared took no further notice of her after her marriage, which displeased them as they had wished her to marry one of their own sons, and before her husband's death the family had moved away, giving no hint of their destination, thinking perhaps that Mary might appeal to them in her trouble.

But she bravely stood alone through all and planned as best she could, with her limited knowledge of the world and its ways, a future for herself and child.

The few hundred dollars the place would bring she decided must be hoarded for illness or pressing future needs, and she must work for their support.

She had vague ideas of a home in the future when her boy could be near her, but she knew they must now be parted for a time, and her heart was very heavy at the thought. Kind Mrs. Miller was really anxious the child should be left in her care; although having no children of her own she was like many others to whom this blessing is denied, eminently fitted in disposition and perception of children's need, for the duties of motherhood.

There was little that Mrs. Alwayn could do to earn money in the town springing up with the fungus-like growth peculiar to Western towns wherever a railroad decrees one shall rise.

She had thought of sewing at first, but there was little to do and many to perform the work. As her education had been neglected she could not teach as she would have preferred, being as well as a higher grade of labor one that would place her among people of intelligence whose society she had always craved, possessing refined tastes and instincts transmitted through the gentle blood of her mother, a heritage that always abides with the possessor and demands recognition in any place or sphere.

And yet this heritage was the cause of suffering, for it made her shrink from the work which alone offered itself, the work of making herself generally useful in the home of one of the lately arrived merchants of the town.

Although class distinction did not exist to any great extent in that new country and Mary was unaccustomed to a life of ease or luxury, she had never occupied a subordinate position.

In the home of her foster parents, who were distant cousins of her father, there had been rough plenty and comfort according to frontier standards, and in spite of many unpleasant features of her life, she had the privileges of a daughter of the house. Yet she determined to overcome her pride and faithfully perform any work until something better within the scope of her executive powers offered.

"For baby's sake," she said aloud as a termination to her train of thought, kissing passionately the upraised, dimpled hands, the silken head, the blossom mouth and the lids of the laughing gray eyes so like the dear ones that had met her own a year ago that their glance was a torturing stab of memory. "Oh, Arthur! Arthur! we were so happy a year ago," she sobbed, catching the boy to her heart, "And I am here alone to-day and you are out under the dead grass and the frozen earth and the drifted snow of this bleak, dreadful prairie."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Miller, bustling in, "who'd ever think of your keeping that precious baby in this cold bed-room with nothing on but his night-gown; his milk's warmed and I've fixed his chair by the kitchen stove where he won't be in our way, and we can get at the baking as soon as possible."

With thoughtful tact she never appeared to see the young widow's tears, and hurried her out of the room, keeping her busily engaged with baby's breakfast or work about the kitchen, which she offered to perform. Asking her advice on, or taxing her memory for, recipes she professed to have herself forgotten, charging her not to let the cake burn or the kettles boil dry, and

relating anecdotes of the preparation of other Christmas dinners at her old home in Indiana, she left no room for the young widow's brain to be filled with sad reminiscences.

The morning hours flew quickly by and the baby, playing contentedly about the room, at last demanded to be taken in the fretful cry that confessed his sleepiness. "Take him right into the sitting-room and rock him to sleep," said Mrs. Miller, looking around from the crust she was filling with mince-meat. "I'll run out for a few more chips as soon as I get these pies into the oven; the fire in there's pretty low, but it's so warm to-day you can be comfortable 'most anywhere."

Busily engaged with their work, they had failed to notice that the sun shone no longer, and the smiling morning sky was covered with angry, black clouds, the snow had ceased to melt, and the little rills running from the drifts were stilled by a film of ice, and as Mrs. Miller opened the door a shower of snow-flakes greeted her.

"My goodness," she cried, "who ever saw such a sudden change. It wasn't half an hour ago the sun shone as though it was a May day, and now it's snowing. It won't be no time until the chips will all be covered, and the coal is all gone, and there's only those few sticks of wood to last till Eben gets home; he'll be sorry he hadn't a sled at that end of the road," she thought. "He can't haul a very big load of coal if the snow gets deep, and if it keeps on growing cold the apples he is going to bring will be frozen on the road." She entered the house with remarks on the sudden change.

The young mother was just laying her baby, who already slept soundly, in his little bed.

"Perhaps it's just a flurry of snow," Mrs. Alwayn said, encouragingly, "and will soon clear away; there will be wood enough to last until Mr. Miller gets home, and if not, we can get a basket of corn."

The snowfall did not cease, however. It continued with fury and persistency, borne along by a wind that rose suddenly, howling and shaking the small house as though maddened at its presence upon what indeed seemed its lawful domain, and although it was little past noon, the shadow of darkness seemed to hover over the land.

Mrs. Miller, struggling out again after the few remaining sticks from the great cottonwood log, felt the air strike her face with icy bitterness. The air of the rooms was fast growing uncomfortably chill, and Mrs. Alwayn threw an extra blanket over her sleeping child.

"I believe Eben will have to stay somewhere on the road to-night if it don't clear up," the farmer's wife said anxiously as

she threw the last of the sticks into the box behind the stove ; "that is, if he thinks of it," she added ; "he don't generally think of anything unless I'm around to tell him to remember. This wind will be right in his face, and there's that long stretch of speculator's land, not a house for five miles ; if he loses his way there he'll never get here alive," she said, half sobbing. "If he'd only stop the other side, but I know he won't ; he'll never think ; he isn't fit to go out alone by himself, and I've always said it," she cried triumphantly, as though deriving satisfaction from thoughts of the culmination she feared.

"Oh, he certainly would," her companion said, soothingly ; "they would never allow him to leave Roper's when he stops on his way home to say you are expecting them to-morrow."

The wife was in a measure comforted by this assurance, and once more took up the subject of fuel.

They could no longer watch the storm from the window, which was thinly coated with ice in spite of the fire, whose heat turned the stove to glowing red iron, preventing a continuation of the baking, so the oven doors were thrown open to add to the warmth of the room. The fire in the sitting-room was allowed to die out, and the door closed, owing to the imperative necessity of saving fuel.

"I must go for some corn, and you stay with baby ; we can't both leave the house, and I am the stronger of the two ; it will take a pile of fuel to last till Eben gets back with the coal, if he ever does," Mrs. Miller exclaimed, lapsing again into a tone of despair.

"I am handy at splitting up kindling, but I don't think I could split anything off that great log any more than I could off a rock."

Mary Alwayn assisted her to wrap up warmly ; indeed, she looked like an animated bundle of old coats and shawls surmounted by a bright scarlet tuft, which was a piece of flannel destined for the baby's use.

She pulled on a pair of her husband's great yarn mittens, with leather facings, over her own, for her hands must be well protected in carrying the basket and handling the snow-sprinkled corn.

Her housewifely habits asserted themselves after she had reached the door, for hearing the great iron teakettle bubbling over upon the glowing stove and spattering the whitely-scoured floor, she stepped back to remove it. Her hand, in its clumsy covering, failed to get a firm hold, and the kettle, with its boiling contents, fell crashing to the floor.

A scream from Mary Alwayn, and a groan of pain from her hostess, wakened the sleeping child, who sat up for a moment,

but seeing the familiar faces through the open door, snuggled down again to his slumbers. The heavy overshoes protected her feet somewhat, which were, however, scalded badly enough to prevent her wearing shoes again for sometime, and going out of doors was entirely impossible.

The younger woman applied all well-known remedies, and the injured woman soon confessed the pain was much relieved. She dragged the broad lounge from the sitting-room and placed it near the fire, assisting her hostess to it; then donning the other's wraps, prepared to breast the storm herself.

"It's a shame for you to go, and it will be very little corn you can carry, anyhow," said Mrs. Miller, regretfully.

"It never rains but it pours, and 'twas bad enough for us to be here alone in this storm without this thing happening, but it's just the way things go in this world, one trouble piled upon another."

Neither of the women fully realized the danger of undertaking that journey to the corn cribs, which in pleasant weather seemed but a short distance, but in the raging storm appeared to stretch into miles of toilsome struggling against that icy blast, cutting and thrusting or holding back with gripping, invisible hands.

Great drifts had formed where the morning's sun had almost cleared the ground and hanging over all was that pall of gloom that never lifted to disclose the object one strove to reach.

Fortunately, a line of young maple trees planted the previous spring marked the boundary of the field at whose extreme end the corn cribs stood. And Mary Alwayn devoutly thanked God for this land mark before half the distance was traversed, for without its aid she could never have found her way to the fuel which to the inmates of the lone house meant life.

She came to the place at last when half despairing, and turned for a moment's shelter to that side she fancied might be, in a measure, protected from the wind, but saw, to her dismay, that the cattle, wandering about when the blizzard struck, had taken refuge there. Observing her they began bellowing, being doubtless hungry, and terrified at the dreadful storm. She had counted on filling her basket from that sheltered side, but she knew when those great brute eyes caught sight of the dropping corn they would hook and struggle, trampling and goring her to death. They pressed toward her even then, empty handed as she was, and as she drew back out of sight a great vicious cow came rushing around the corner, but was met by an icy blast that struck her like a blow, filling her eyes with frozen particles and sending her back bellowing to huddle among the rest.

It also swept against the woman clinging to the side of the

rack, fully exposed to the sweeping blast ; she bowed her head and closed her eyes, and her face, protected in a measure by the thick veil, escaped the stinging particles which filled the air.

She had lashed the great basket to her side by a scarf to prevent its being whirled away, making her journey useless.

The wind tugged at it, battering it about with great blows that almost hurled her down.

She determined to feed the hungry cattle if she could do so without risk to herself, and she tied the scarf holding the basket to the poles forming the rack and, pulling herself up to the window just above her head, dropped the ears of corn carefully into its depths. She then dragged it to the side opposite that from which she must make her way home and flung the corn ear by ear around the corner to the hungry cattle, preparing to pull herself again up the sides of one of the cribs if they appeared, but she could hear them bellowing and struggling and doubtless unconscious from what source the supply came. She repeated the humane effort again and again until they grew quiet and seemed feeding peacefully.

She then hurriedly filled her basket and, though already weary, started on her dangerous homeward journey.

She could not lift the heavy basket, but dragged it slowly over the closely packed snow.

She was still in terror lest the great horned cattle should attempt to leave their shelter, and gave a hurried glance towards the corner around which they might rush upon her. The snow had even drifted against the frail barrier of maple slips bending double before the blast.

It was a journey that would have turned a stout heart sick with dread, but the slender woman faced it bravely and thought only of making all possible speed to the inmates of the farm-house who, even now, must need her ministrations. Once out of sight of the corn cribs, behind which lurked what to her was a greater danger than the elements, her courage revived; before she was three rods away they were completely swallowed from sight and she felt shut in and safe between walls of flying ice and thickening gloom.

On and on by spasmodic jerks or steady pulls that left her panting and exhausted, her breath coming in great gasps she felt must burst her throat, she dragged the basket of golden ears.

The drifts were so deep in places she must have floundered to her waist, but throwing herself upon her knees, her clothing acted upon the principle of snow shoes and she crept over, dragging the basket whose broad surface became clogged and heavier.

The terrific wind was fortunately at her back, buffeting and urging her along. It clutched at her heavy outer garments, tossing them about, causing her to shiver and crouch before it.

Suddenly it would swerve and strike her side face with ice-laden force, then as she sheltered her face with her hands or the corner of a flying garment, would apparently recede or lull only to follow after as she resumed her laborious march, hurling itself against her with renewed force.

The raging sea of storm was filled with sounds and voices. Above the seeming constant roar of breakers rose the tramp and clatter of many thousand flying hoofs, which caused the earth to tremble, as the startled ear caught the bellow of ten thousand maddened throats.

The tumult dying away in the distance, across the unseen mysterious plain a serpent hiss, increasing in volume, as it drew nigh, seeming to herald the approach of myriads of scaly forms whose colossal lengths dragged writhing, distorted, horrible, until all the land seemed filled with fleeing serpent armies. Above her head great wings seemed sweeping, almost brushing her in their hurried, onward flight; demoniacal laughter repeated and answered, hoarse and low, then loud and sybillant, fell upon her ear.

Away toward where the great pillar of smoke was advancing, so dense and black that the prevailing gloom appeared high in comparison, rose a cry of horror, such a wail as might have been uttered by some soul conscious of its doom to eternal torment, a wail that brought before the eyes visions of a face distorted and ghastly with horror, in its eyes that maddened look of despair. It died away to a long, deep, heart-piercing sigh that filled the plain, ascending to the very heavens.

Great dark forms swept by, towering and awful, or writhing past, according with the serpent hiss that filled her heart with loathing.

Poor Mary was becoming worn with her efforts and terrors; for a moment she almost despaired of reaching shelter; she thought of the kind woman, helpless and suffering, of her little child, and a sob rose in her tortured, breath-torn throat. In her despair she thought of the strong arms, of the loving care, that used to shield her, and realized all the cruel bitterness of her loss. She wondered if at this Christmastide there was rejoicing in heaven as upon earth, and if he rejoiced among them, forgetting their love and her. "Forget me!" she cried, and the wind bore the voice across the plain toward the lonely grave over which the snow was drifting, "even in heaven he would not forget me; he would long for me even there, as I shall long for him while life endures."

She remained kneeling upon the great drift she was crossing, clutching with her mittened hands the edge of the basket, whose golden contents were powdered white with snow.

Her eyes were filled with tears which rolled down her cheeks, congealing upon the veil that sheltered her face, for the cold increased each moment, the sound of the blizzard was more deafening, the forms in the snow-laden blast more startling. With an unexplainable start she suddenly turned her head to the left and beheld close beside her the smoking nostrils of a steed that was no phantom. She shrieked loudly and scrambled out of the way of the floundering beast. Fortunately the storm's queer fashioning had left the ground almost bare beyond the great drift, and she neither overturned the basket nor was trampled before getting out of reach. He was attached to a buggy stuck firmly in the drift, in which was seated a man, muffled to the eyes, which could hardly have been visible for the frost upon his shaggy brows. He was trying to urge the horse forward, but the animal was nearly exhausted, soon drooping its head and refusing to pull further. Words were hardly distinguishable above the roar of the storm, and Mary approached close to the buggy, for the snow was becoming hardened each moment, making it less difficult for a person to cross the drifts.

Putting her face near that of the muffled figure she shouted, "Your horse will never pull the buggy across the drift, besides you are heading directly for the open prairie; you must get out and come home with me; it can not be far from here now."

A gruff voice shouted in reply, "I don't know as I *can* get out. I think my feet are frozen stiff, and how do you know whether it's far or not—I've been driving for three hours toward a house I saw when the storm first came up, not a mile away."

"Come," said Mary, too weary to explain, "you will freeze here; I will unfasten your horse."

The stranger made many attempts to rise before his limbs, numbed with cold and his cramped position for hours, would support him.

She waited patiently until seeing he was able to stand upright she gave him the horse's bridle and returned to her basket.

"Follow that row of young trees," she shouted, again pointing to the bending twigs scarce visible; "I have a basket of corn and will follow."

The man turned and looked at the great basket piled high, then, without a word, placed the bridle in her hand and motioned her to go forward, preparing to follow with the basket which he lifted with some difficulty, muttering behind the icicles that hung from his gray mustache, "Now where did she bring

this from and how in the world did she bring it? I don't understand, but it must be one of the mysteries this country abounds in. 'Follow the row of young trees': trees indeed! I haven't seen any yet to follow, but I suppose this woman knows where she's going; if it is a woman and not another snow form. In this country that rains ice with thunder that never stops, and is full of snakes and devils, one may as well be prepared for any delusion. How she screamed! I wonder if it's she who's been screaming around me all the afternoon. Heavens! but it's cold, I can't go much further. Hallo, what's this?" coming suddenly upon the cottonwood log near the unfenced house, for they were but a few rods from shelter when Mary Alwayn happened upon him.

Opening the door of a shed, used in summer as a kitchen, Mary allowed the poor horse to take possession, being too nearly exhausted to lead him further to the stable, and tossing him some of the precious corn, entered the house with the stranger.

Mrs. Miller had been in despair and almost ceased to expect her; the baby had long since awakened and was sobbing for mamma, being comforted only when she removed her wrappings and, weary and cold as she was, had taken him in her arms, from which position of safety he eyed the strange man with wonder, who with a sigh of relief had thrown himself into Eben's great chair near the fire.

"And this is the country in which my agent has bought two thousand acres of land for me!" he growled, pulling at the icicles on his beard with his frost-bitten fingers. "Two thousand acres of the North Pole with Bedlam thrown in, thick with mirages or whatever you call them, for I've been riding towards a house, madam, all the afternoon, that wasn't a mile ahead of me, when this storm swept down on me out of a May mild sky."

"You have been traveling in a circle," said Mrs. Miller, whom he addressed. "It is usually the case in a blizzard."

"And I should have frozen out on the prairie but for this young woman," he said, turning to Mrs. Alwayn. "You have certainly saved my life, though there are none to be grateful but myself," he added sadly. "There are few who would mourn for old Arthur Alwayn if he were dead."

Mary cried out in astonishment, "Arthur Alwayn! that was my husband's name—it is the name of my child."

□ "Shouldn't wonder if you're the wife of my graceless nephew. I heard he came out to this country, somewhere, and took up a homestead after quarrelling with me because I wanted him to study law and he had made up his mind to be a farmer. Just like him to burden himself with a wife when he couldn't half

take care of himself, I but didn't think he'd be so mighty mean as to let her do nigger's work, carrying corn in a storm like this ; where is he ?" the old man asked abruptly.

The young widow burst into tears.

"He is dead," said Mrs. Miller, sternly adding, "don't speak so to the poor thing ; she's had trouble enough to bear and there's plenty more ahead of her."

She then narrated the circumstances of young Alwayn's death and spoke of Mary's plans for the future. Her guest grew excited and at last burst out :

"My nephew's wife going to work for John Ayres' family ! I think you're mistaken, madam ; she'll take her child and go home with me to Tennessee. I expect I was a little hard on Arthur, poor boy, but I'm willing to make it up to his son. He used to be mighty wild, and who would have thought of his settling down out here and working for a home. I'm sorry it ended as it has," he said, choking a little, and looking pityingly at the pale young widow and her child. "The boy's like him—the same eyes and the Alwayn head—you ought to be very proud of him, my dear, for he's a fine baby. Try and cheer up and don't grieve too much over what must come to all. You shall always have a home with his old uncle, and when I am gone there will be enough for you and the boy as long as you live."

The blizzard raged until the following day, and Mrs. Miller had the agony of suspense at her husband's absence added to her physical distress.

The second morning after that of his departure Eben appeared, safe and with the consciousness of having faithfully executed all commissions, and borrowing a sled and extra span of mules from the friends who had detained him, much against his wishes, had brought the much-needed coal, for Colonel Alwayn was lame in the shoulders and showed blisters upon his hands in addition to the frost bites, in his unskilled, though triumphant, attempts to chop up the great log.

As the simple gifts, delayed for a day, were distributed, and Mary Alwayn expressed her gratitude with emotion for the kind remembrances, she said, "I have been most bountifully remembered, for besides the gifts of my kind friends, I have received, what I never before possessed, the gift of a generous uncle."

"But you were ahead of me with gifts," said her new-found relative, kindly, "for I received mine Christmas eve amid the howling blizzard—the gift of an old man's life."

Clare Carlyle.



THE COTTON FLOWER.

THE cotton flower of the Southland fair
Is a flower of beauty beyond compare,
As it nods and sways in the languorous air
Of the valleys of Tennessee ;
And in all the bloom of the earth I find
No bud or blossom or tendril twined,
That is half so dear to me.

The veteran knights of a legion prance,
To the clanking rhythm of scabbard and
lance,

Each bearing the *fleur-de-lis* of France
Emblazoned on his shield :

With flaunting plumes in the eventide,
For the trampled honor of France they ride,
To die on a bloody field.

And again at the break of morn I see
The flower of England's chivalry,
Upheld on the green of a British lea,
In the face of England's foes ;
Till the pride of her yeomen, sturdy and brave,
Falter and faint as they strive to save
The bonny English rose.

But a fiercer strife in a fairer land,
Where the sons of a severed nation stand,
Wrings from the grasp of a Southern hand
Its brief ensign of power ;
And a chivalry nobler than yeoman or knight,
Spills free its blood in a hopeless fight
For the lovely cotton flower.

Emblem of all that was lost that day !
Yet the eyes that weep and the lips that pray
For the dead of the blue and the dead of the gray
Are one of the new *regime* ;
And the trampled flower of the South of old
On the nation's banner is traced in gold,
Like a beacon star a gleam.

Marion F. Ham.

THE BURDEN OF MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XI.



THE thud of his horse's hoofs was the only sound that penetrated Philip's solitude as he plunged through the darkness. Neither a pack of wolves nor Tam O'Shanter's witches could have inspired him with the recklessness of his mad ride; man flees in that heedless way from but one thing—his own thoughts. The road was full of ditches, holes and turns, and the solitude was full of sounds to the nervous animal whose steps were broken by many a rustling and hissing beneath its often insecurely planted feet. The horse shied and reared quiveringly, then plunged forward at the ruthless goad, and Philip received a cold, slimy lash across the face. Some darky had thrown a crushed snake across the limb of the tree to die with the setting sun. He shivered and dashed ahead, but he had lost distance with his pursuers—exile and wrecked hopes clutched at his heartstrings and Helen wrung them in her long eluded grasp. He envied insanity's freedom from conventionalities, that he might cry her name aloud in a voice of every emotion that racked him.

The open lodge-gate revealed the illuminated grounds and the carriage-bordered driveway and reminded him that this was the evening of the fortnightly dance to which the neighbors were free to come. It was past Dr. Romney's supper-hour and he went to the officers' dining-room for some light refreshment before retiring to his room for the complete toilet necessary to the social evening before him to be dutifully participated in. When he entered the amusement hall a little later the dancers from the four quadrilles were leaving the floor. Caught in the current he drifted aimlessly till brought into violent collision with some one.

"I beg your par—Helen!"

"Philip!"

In a moment they were detached from the crowd and gazing at other in silence. A very tempest of emotions raged in the breast of each, yet no words, not even broken ejaculations, came to their lips, and at last, out of that chaos of feelings, they chose—fear and bitterness.

"Are you—ah—staying here?"

The question and tone were adaptable to any patient she might be introduced to throughout the evening; and he, bewildered by the tumult in his own breast, saw no evidence of the storm in hers.

He replied with malicious irony, "Yes, I am staying here temporarily. I occupy a room high up beyond the evil atmosphere of my surroundings, however, and the bolts and bars on my door and windows afford me entire protection from danger."

The pain and fear in her face evoked no pity; and when she implored, hardly above a whisper, "Philip, Philip, did I send you here?" her eyes, her mouth, her whole bearing pleaded for a denial of such a responsibility.

"I came of my own accord, to solve my doubts."

"But, Philip, you said—you remember you said I was responsible for those doubts?"

If love had even for a moment triumphed over fear he would have relented and explained all; but the unreasonable terror in her face filled him with revengeful anger, and it probably was not a reassuring answer that Dot interrupted.

"Oh, Mr. Ph-Ph-Ph—" he drew a pencil across her lips—"Mr. Philip, won't you and Miss Dudley please be our vis-a-vis—I am going to dance with Dan Ferris."

"What in the world are you going to dance with that fellow for, child!"

"He asked me," said Dot ruefully, "and you know it is against the rules to refuse to dance with a patient."

"There is no eluding fate in a lunatic asylum, Miss Dudley. Will you dance with me?"

Dot read a covert meaning in the words and tone, and she looked at him a moment deeply puzzled, then broke into a merry laugh. "Did Miss Dudley mistake you for a patient, Mr. Philip? Oh how funny! who introduced you?"

Helen's face, crimson one instant, white the next, might have excited troublesome curiosity in the child's divining mind had not Dan Ferris claimed his partner just then.

"Come; you have a model of courage before you; Dot's partner is a *bona fide* lunatic with a blood-curdling history."

"You are a cruel man, Philip Herrick!"

"Philip Philips, Miss Dudley, please; I shall have need of an unshadowed name by and by."

They took their places in the "set" to which they were beckoned by Dot; and Helen gazed about her at the novel scene, seeking diversion in any and everything around her, to put off as long as possible the contemplation of the shattered cup of happi-

ness she had dashed from her lips through a cowardly suspicion of poison.

"The moral courage of that child at this moment is sublime," Philip was saying. "She fears and abhors her partner with all her soul, because of one little vicious act of his past life; yet she would not risk wounding him by refusing to dance with him if she were sure of the fate she is right now mortally dreading. I think this is her first dance with him; she has either eluded him heretofore or it was never his whim to ask her."

"Did he kill some one?"

"Oh no, he only bit off his attendant's finger." Helen shuddered. "That's the way Dot feels about it," Philip smilingly interpreted. "She knows that nothing tragic could befall her under so many watchful eyes; but she says, and reasonably, too, that Dan could take a bite out of her hand before any one could reach her."

"And her father subjects her to such a danger!"

"Her father permits her to follow her own sweet will; and it is her whim to be entangled in all the red tape threading an institution of this nature. She gives the doctors and myself a few of her dances—because the employes are allowed an occasional dance with each other—but, like them, the greater part of her time and attention is devoted to making the evening pleasant and recreative to the patients."

"What a peculiar girl."

"Divinely peculiar!" he assented almost reverently.

"Philip," Helen said in a sharp undertone, "you love that child!"

"A stranger, and perhaps stronger, tie than affection binds me to Dot Romney."

A crash of music put a stop to conversation, and the dancing began. Despite her anxious curiosity Helen made no attempt to resume so grave a topic while gyrating about the room. On the contrary she seized the opportunity for appearing nonchalant and made relevant comments upon her surroundings.

"I never before realized how little brains it requires for dancing; that idiotic creature over there goes through the figures with as much grace and precision as the brightest of society girls, and this imbecile-looking fellow to our left returned my handkerchief a moment ago with a bow that would have done credit to Beau Brummel himself."

"Yes; clergymen who sometimes chance here upon dance-night are fond of saying that they are strengthened in the belief that there is a time and place for everything. A rather narrow

view to take of it, however, as we have musicians, actors, artists, and every other talent, trade, and amusement common to the outside world. It is a mistake to regard these people as brutes, fools, or children. They are ordinary human beings in a longer or shorter, lighter or heavier stage of dreaming. Some one says the insane man's delusions are the sane man's dreams."

This reference to dreams produced immediate constraint, and the closing bow of the lancers came in opportunely. Straightening up from a somewhat exaggerated inclination, Philip chanced to glance across at Dot and his heart almost stood still. Her partner had her hand in a firm grip and was



raising it gallantly to his lips. But poor Dot, remembering only the bitten finger, had grown white with horror. She could not cry aloud, and her fluttering efforts at release were futile as those of a snared bird. Nearer and nearer the soft white flesh and the hideous crazy mouth approached each other; and as his hot breath swept across her hand all things whirled and darkness enveloped her.

A little later, feeling herself in the shelter of a pair of very tender, reassuring arms, she opened her eyes and looked up into Philip's face. He smiled down at her, and she laid her cheek against his breast and sobbed comfortably. He placed her on a couch, around which her aunt Josie was fluttering excitedly, but

could not release himself from her clinging arms, so had to remain kneeling there and cooing paternally :

"Dear child, you are safe—here in aunt Josie's room—and there comes the father frightened out of his senses," as Dr. Romney burst into the room. "Tell him nothing is the matter, only somebody was about to steal a kiss, and Mr. Philips snatched you up in his arms and ran away with you."

She shuddered and held out her arms to her father. "Papa, I—I—I—" she looked appealingly at Philip, and he smilingly made a motion as if drawing something across her lips, whereupon she proceeded without hesitation—"if it had not been for Mr. Philip, I should have been eaten up by this time ; and you know he saved me from drowning once ; and—don't you think I ought to belong to him just a little bit ?"

"He already owns your tongue," her father said, laughing. "and that leaves mighty little to be divided between aunt Josie and me. No ; he has the lion's share ; he shan't have the least tiniest bit more of you."

"Not even my little finger ?"

"No."

"Not even the piece Dan was going to bite out of my hand ?"

She was trembling and strangely excited, and her father exclaimed hastily, "Yes, yes, to be sure, of course, you may give him the whole hand, both hands—only go to sleep now and forget all about it." He gave her something to drink and told his sister to remain beside the couch. He and Philip left the room.

"She is terribly unstrung, poor little monkey ! She ought never to have been allowed to dance with Dan. I'm obliged to you, Philips, for going to her so promptly ; don't think Dan would have hurt her, but if his coarse old lips had touched the child's hand I am afraid she would have gone into convulsions. I'll be more careful about her in the future. Bless my life ! what a fancy the toad has taken to you ! I'm jealous, savagely jealous, sir, and have a notion to turn you out upon the cold world—which is a deucedly hot world at present, whew !—all lunatics together in there, dancing such a night as this ! You are a sham, anyway ; got too much sense is what's the matter with you. I've been intending for a week to tell you it's all nonsense keeping you under lock and key, shan't humor you any longer in such foolishness. Everett is going to resign, to take the position of first assistant in another asylum, and I have proposed you to my commissioners for his vacated place."

"For the position of second assistant on your medical staff?" Philip exclaimed, incredulously.

"Why not? Can't you afford to put in a year or so doctoring lunatics?"

"Oh, doctor, it isn't that, you know it is not! You—you overwhelm me with kindness." He seized Dr. Romney's hand gratefully.

"You are willing, then, to blossom out into Dr. Herrick, second assistant physician of the — L. A.?"

"Willing? I know no words to thank you!—but won't the change of names excite curiosity?"

"Of course! But you don't grudge 'em the pleasure of chattering and wondering about you, eh? They'll forget it in a week; a morsel of gossip is so generously shared in an out-of-the-way place of this sort, it is totally devoured by that time."

There was more conference upon the subject, which kept Philip away from the amusement hall until the dance had ended and the visitors were leaving. Then he remembered that he had rushed off with Dot and left Helen Dudley standing in the floor. There had been no time for ceremony, of course, but he might have returned and explained. She was already gone with her friends, but he would seek an early opportunity for apologizing. He would also have something else to tell her, and she would be so pleased she could not help forgiving him.

That he, a fugitive from home and from his own miserable doubts of himself, should have found not only a haven of personal security, but also a shield for his name and reputation in that crisis of his life, and then to have the assurance of mental responsibility made doubly sure by such a trust as was about to be reposed in him—it was enough to make one break forth in the *Te Deum Laudamus*! And he determined to show his gratitude to Dr. Romney by putting away all morbid thoughts and entering with enthusiasm upon the profession he loved and for which he had fitted himself at the cost of much hard work and self-sacrifice. . . . Helen would see how groundless had been her fear of him . . . and— . . . He fell asleep all aglow with happiness and had such paradisiacal visions that the loud rap and sharp call of Dr. Romney came like a thunderbolt in the azure of his dreams.

"What's the matter?"

"Come to my sister's room as quickly as possible—my child is in convulsions and calls for you!"

CHAPTER XII.



DOT, in her clinging nightrobe, her black curly hair disheveled about her white face, her eyes staring into vacancy, stood braced against the wall with hands uplifted above her head in a stretching tenseness that drew the muscles taut and seemed almost to tear the joints asunder. Oh, the pitiful struggle against her imaginary foe! The sight was a familiar one to the physician who, for so many years, had

administered to diseased fancies; but to see his child, his motherless little one, his idol, thus assailed by airy, shapeless demons—

When Philip saw it he crossed the room almost at a bound and lifted Dot in his arms. He laid her on the bed and touched her face and hands and arms with quick, soothing motions. Soon her form relaxed, her eyelids drooped, and she fell asleep as quietly as a babe. Miss Josie kissed Philip in her wild gratitude, and Dr. Romney laid his hand on the young man's head, which act brought the tears into Philip's eyes, and in another minute all three were crying softly. They dared not break the silence in which Dot's gentle, regular breathing was audible, so no word was spoken for a long time.

Afterwards Philip ventured in a bated tone, "I don't think there is any danger now of her waking soon."

"Don't leave," Dr. Romney said anxiously.

"No; I must be here when she opens her eyes."

Dot's father regarded him enviously for a moment, perhaps a little resentfully. "What is the secret of your influence over my child, Philip Herrick?"

"Hypnotism, Dr. Romney."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Seriously so, I assure you. I have tested my power upon her more than once, and in your presence. You called it 'playing upon her imagination'; but do you not think that a week is a pretty long stretch for the effect of imagination? Yet you know how obedient she was to my command in spite of your teasing efforts to make her stammer."

"Yes, I know; and I don't understand the thing at all. I wish you would explain it to me as far as you can."

Philip did so, to the best of his ability. Dr. Romney looked grave. "I have been derelict in my duty; I have never comprehended my child's sensitive and highly-strung nature. A lunatic asylum is no place for her; she must be kept at school.

In the meantime, if this shock doesn't cause brain fever, I must curtail some of her free and fearless liberties, but it will be hard to do, hard to do; she is a veritable sunbeam in the gloomy lives of these unfortunate people. . . I am afraid of this hypnotic business, Herrick; don't exercise your power too freely."

Philip in his turn looked grave. "I must use my power once more to-night, Dr. Romney; it is absolutely necessary. That moment of terror, when she could almost *feel* the vicious fellow's teeth in her flesh, has rooted itself so



deeply in Dot's fancy that she will never again be safe from recalling it in her dreams. It must be banished from her mind, she must be made to forget it altogether, or to look at it as we know it to have been, and not as her imagination pictured it. Do you understand?"

Dr. Romney shook his head. "How are we to compass so desirable an end?"

"I can do it if you will let me."

"How?"

"Have I your permission?"

"Explain first."

"I want to hypnotize her, thoroughly, completely, helplessly. I want her to be so utterly at my command that she would



put her hand in that jet of flame were I to tell her to do so. I want to test her, try her, prove her, and know that she is absolutely subject to my will; then I shall blot forever from her memory the occurrence of this night."

"God in heaven, man, do you know what you ask! Am I to place my little one, my lamb, my one gift from above, in your hands to do with as you please—put her at your mercy—allow you to grasp the power that will ever after enable you to control her very thoughts, words and deeds? You know not what you ask, man! I would not trust an angel with such power."

Philip threw out his hand with a gesture of pain and quitted the room hastily. He was mistrusted, unjustly, terribly misunderstood; but, on the other hand, he himself had never before realized all that was implied in the complete subjugation of one person's will to that of another. He shuddered at the responsibility he would ignorantly have burdened his life and conscience with, and his only feeling was one of sympathy with the father's anger against the man who would have possessed himself of such a power. . . Hark! that was Dot's voice.

Dr. Romney came to the door. "Come!" he said with imperative despair.

Again Philip found her strained against the wall, drawing away, away, away from those horrible teeth. Again he soothed her into peaceful slumber, then knelt beside her and bowed his face on her pillow. Dr. Romney laid a heavy hand on his shoulder and asked dismally, "What are you doing?"

"Praying," said Philip, simply.

"Lead us not into temptation!" repeated Dr. Romney, and let his hand relax from its stern pressure into a movement of trust. "Do you still want the mastery over my child's will?" he asked, when Philip had arisen and stood looking sadly down upon the little one.

"I dare not ask such confidence."

"It is a confidence, a divine confidence; but I dare not risk condemning my child to a fate worse than death. If brain fever should not wing her little white soul to heaven there might be a long and miserable fluttering against a double imprisonment—no, I dare not risk it. Accept my trust, and God deal with you as you deal with my heart's treasure!"

* * * * *

No one reckoned the time as they kept that strange night-watch. Miss Josie's eyes moved with pathetic restlessness from face to face; Philip looked at Dot, and Dot's father looked at Philip. Dr. Romney could no more comprehend his changing emotions toward Philip Herrick than he could have accounted

for the vagaries of his most whimsical patient. He only knew that one moment he hated the young stranger and the next his heart yearned toward him ; now would his mind be filled with ambitious plans for his young assistant, then would come the wave of jealousy and resentment that all but swept the interloper from the sacred circle into which fate had thrust him. The "interloper" had rescued his child from a watery grave. True ; but it was the crazy fancies of an idiotic negro in regard to him that had placed her life in jeopardy. The "interloper's" prompt action had rescued her from another danger more threatening because it was a mental instead of a physical one. Granted ; but may not this weird and terrible influence he had been exerting, even mildly, have produced this nervousness to which she had never before been accustomed ? Memory recalled to the father a scene that occurred long before the name of Philip Herrick ever sounded in his ears, and with the recollection of the rigid little form laid in his arms by the remorseful attendant he could not lay upon Philip the burden of his child's present condition. Rather, he himself was to blame for the careless watch he had kept over her amidst danger unappreciated from familiarity. . . . What a noble face the young fellow had—gentle yet masterful ! The lashes shading his blue eyes were long and curving as a girl's, his complexion as clear and fresh, and the mop of blonde hair thrown back from a brow as smooth. . . . "A good deal of forehead in a face is like a good deal of sky in a horizon," flitted through the doctor's memory, as did also Munkacsy's picture of Mozart, without taking definite or applicable shape. . . . "I shall either love you like a son or hate you like Satan !" was the thought formulating itself in his consciousness when he saw Philip lean forward with eyes fixed keenly upon Dot.

Dot's eyes were open and gazing into Philip's ; a latent fear was in them that made Dr. Romney shudder at possible consequences were Philip not there to allay it. But Philip was there, and his will was there—centered, with a force that made him tremble, upon the one being whom nature had created *en rapport* with himself and to whom fate or destiny or providence had guided him. She tried to smile at him, to hold out her trembling hands ; but there was no answering smile in his eyes, no sympathetic motion of the hands ; and her arms fell limply at her sides, the smile died away, though her eyes remained fixed upon his, and she seemed to be striving after the elusive wish she partly read in his face. . . . He drew a finger across her lips. She smiled understandingly ; he wanted the control of her tongue. . . . He drew it down her arm from shoulder to

wrist. She quivered, with dilated eyes, and made an ineffectual effort to lift the arm; but only the hand moved, in mute and eloquent appeal. Even this motion died away, after an instant, in a look of infinite trust. . . . He touched the hand, and it became unresponsive as a piece of marble; then he drew a line from shoulder to finger tips of the left arm, and it lay lifeless at her side. Next he waved imaginary lines over the small form outlined beneath the linen covering, and there was a momentary fluttering, as if a breath had stirred the drapery of her couch, and all was still. To all intents and purposes the childish form was paralyzed from throat to instep; only the brain remained active. One more touch was necessary. A wild heart-throb almost wrenched from Philip the mastery his will was clutching; it required all his power of concentration to resist egotistic thoughts of the supreme confidence yielded him by this beautiful, innocent child. He dared not speak to her yet, though he longed to kiss the parted lips, the staring eyes, and whisper words that would lessen the need of such divine trust. . . . The final touch was given; his hand moved gently across her eyes and down her face. The lids drooped; she sighed—his mastery was complete.

Dr. Romney darted upon his child with a panther-like fierceness, and laid his hand on her heart. There was the father, as well as the physician in the movement, and had that small life-engine deviated a hair's breadth in force or regularity, Philip Herrick's life would then and there have paid the forfeit. But all was well with his child, and the father surrendered her to the power he recognized, but did not comprehend.

Philip took both of her hands in his, lifted them, then let go; they dropped inertly. "Raise your arms, little one, and lay them about your father's neck—he is bending over you." She obeyed and clasped space with such caressing arms that Dr. Romney slipped his head within their embrace in order to make the pathetic encircling a real one.

"You have him now in earnest, Dot; hold him; do not let him go for a whole minute."

The prisoner naturally tried to withdraw, but only to encounter the most weird firmness he had ever known. He reached back to investigate his bonds; the little fingers were loosely entwined; but he realized with a shudder that he could no more part them than he could separate with impunity the interlocked fingers of a statue. He ceased his efforts and looked appealingly at Philip. Philip was looking at his watch with his hand uplifted warningly. . . . Time was up; sixty strange seconds, to those

excited watchers, had ticked themselves away, and Dot's hands relaxed their hold and sank at her sides.

"Finish your work quickly, Herrick," Dr. Romney entreated sternly; "this thing is terrible!"

Philip bent his face close to the child's, his eyes flashing with the blue-gray light of steel; her lips moved in inarticulate words, her eyes opened and shone with eager, childish delight. "Tell us what you see, little one," he murmured, with gentle command.

She stretched out her arms in playful supplication to a being invisible to other eyes, and murmured, softly but distinctly:

"O Lady Flora, let me speak:
A pleasant hour has passed away
While, dreaming on your damask cheek,
The dewy sister-eyelids lay.
As by the lattice you reclined,
I went thro' many wayward moods
To see you dreaming—and, behind,
A summer crisp with shining woods.
And I, too, dreamed, until at last
Across my fancy, brooding warm,
The reflex of a legend past,
And loosely settled into form.
And would you have the thought I had,
And see the vision that I saw?
Then take the 'broidery-frame, and add
A crimson to the quaint macaw,
And I will tell it. Turn your face,
Nor look with that too earnest eye—"

"In heaven's name, stop, Herrick! your power exceeds that of her Maker. What are you—man, angel, or devil?"

"Man—only this and nothing more. Fie! Dr. Romney! do you not recognize Tennyson's 'Day-Dream?' and as a man of science, do you not know that the mind is a tablet from which no impression is ever erased? Dot may be familiar with the lines, or she may only have read or heard them somewhere, sometime, or—my own thoughts may have suggested them to her. In case of the latter, the only mysterious thing about it is the complete *rapproch* of our natures."

"Finish your work; your explanations are little less uncanny than your power."

"Dot," Philip said softly, and gazing into her eyes for a moment before continuing, "you have had a disagreeable dream, which I wish you to forget; you are to remember only that you danced too much and became faint, that I carried you to aunt Josie's room, where you afterwards had pleasant dreams and refreshing slumber. When the bell rings, awake and kiss aunt Josie, then go to sleep again and be a laggard at breakfast if you wish. Close your eyes and obey me."

"Is she asleep—naturally asleep, now?" Miss Josie implored in an awe-stricken voice.

"Be careful not to wake her," Philip answered evasively; "the bell will ring in ten minutes; turn out the lights and lie down beside her; Dr. Romney and I will go into the next room. Don't speak to her when she awakes unless she speaks to you; then answer in as sleepy a tone as you can command."

Miss Josie did as she was bid, but did it shiveringly; she could almost feel the stir of invisible wings, and the furniture gave forth ghostly creakings. From the window of the unlighted room the two men were watching the day-spring.

It was a warm, vapory morning, and the sun rolled over the horizon only to plunge into a waste of mist, there to hang, swaying and making with the pinetops an illumined mast amidst stranded vessels.

"Mount through the nearer vapors notes of birds,
And merry flageolets; the low of herds;
The bark of dogs, the heifer's tinkling bell,
Talk, laughter, and—"

Every stroke was to the father's ear a knell instead of the accustomed summons to another day's life and labor, ever overtaken by the sweltering listlessness to be lounged through beneath the summer sun.

"Auntie, is that my bell? . . . I am *so* sleepy!"

Miss Josie rushed into the next room and flung herself into her brother's arms. "She kissed me! she kissed me!" she whispered hysterically; "and that terrible look had all gone from her eyes!"

CHAPTER XIII.



THE darkness which Helen's hostess and friends so loudly bewailed on their way homeward from the "asylum dance" was a friendly shield to her. She suspected the cause of Dot's swoon because of what Philip had told her in regard to the courageous child's partner—not that she had observed anything amiss until Philip swept past her with Dot in his arms—and had he returned after a reasonable time her sympathy would have been very keen, for she herself was almost ready "to die of fright"; but in his continued absence a stronger emotion

crushed out sympathy. However, her resentment toward Dot and wrath toward Philip escaped notice in the orderly confusion of a disintegrating body of dancers, as did almost the little flurry consequent upon Philip's exciting exit from the room. Very few knew that anything had happened, and the few that were aware of it thought it only natural for one to be overcome by such a stifling atmosphere. Dr. Romney had tried to discontinue the dances through the summer, but the patients had begged so earnestly for their favorite amusement and recreation that he yielded for this one more indoor dance and arranged for a platform on the lawn before the next fortnight should roll around.

"Helen Dudley," said her hostess severely, from her cramped position in the bottom of the carriage, "prepare yourself for a savage assault when we reach the darkest depths of these woods."

"Why, what have I done?"

"Listen, girls, to the guilty tremor of her tone"—the *girls* being Miss Bayard, occupant of the reversed seat beside the driver, and Miss Pettibone, sharer of the seat of honor with Miss Dudley. "Done? You have, so to speak, had an honor thrust upon you which we have souged and sighed and sought for in vain. Oh! I can almost discern your innocence through the darkness! You, of course, can't know that for weeks we poor maidens have been wildly curious in regard to this young Apollo masquerading as Dr. Romney's private secretary, and that we have hinted and maneuvered and done everything *decency* would permit to secure an introduction. But he has been as slippery as an absconding something or other, or a revengeful forswearer of our sex. How did it come about—who introduced you, or have you mutual friends or, perchance, you have met before?"

"I never had the honor of meeting Mr. Philips before to-night."

"*Mr. Philips*, no; but Baron Schoenenaugen, perhaps. Anyway, it is evident his lordship believes he has known you in some former state—metaphysical, not geographical—from the way his eyes and manner appropriated you."

"Isabel, you are talking nonsense."

"What else do you expect, when I've just escaped from a lunatic asylum? Oh dear! if Dorothy Romney were only a little older we might cultivate her."

"Perhaps if little Miss Romney were older she would not care to be cultivated by possible rivals."

"Oh, Dot wouldn't be in Bel's way," said Isabel's young brother from the depths of femininity in which he was sub-

merged ; "that young one is going to grow up and marry the crankiest crank the world can produce—she wouldn't look at a fellow that hadn't a screw loose somewhere in his mental machinery."

Helen bent toward the boy with a sudden thrill of affection and said bitterly, "A youthful love that stands the test of manhood is a folly eccentric enough to please the most whimsical girl."

"Oh, Miss Dudley!" Sam whispered, glowing in the dark, and squeezing her hand. Aloud he said, "Aren't lunatics interesting? Wouldn't you like to go over to the asylum to-morrow and go through the wards and see how they live and amuse themselves?"

"Are visitors received any day?" she replied indifferently, but pressed the boy's hand more warmly than she wot of.

"Dr. Romney's establishment is a home, hospitably open to guests at any suitable hour, not a museum with free show-days."

"Oh—ho! it is Dot's papa we are talking about," teased Merrie Bayard.

"Well, what if it is?" said Sam stoutly; "doesn't everybody say the same thing? Isn't Dr. Romney's a model institution—and aren't we all proud of it—and isn't it the first thing we rush our visitors to see?"

"Yes," drawled Margaret Pettibone, "like some cities' cemeteries—not very cheerful as suggested 'sights,' but considerable fun to be had out of 'em if one isn't too sympathetic."

"But there is the trouble; I should die of fear or sympathy if I were thrown very much among such people!"

"A gratuitous sort of demise you would provide for yourself, then. Sympathy is wasted in that quarter; nine out of ten of them are happier than we are; and their jolly, care-free, easy-going existence is a thing to envy."

"But they are prisoners, Miss Pettibone," Helen persisted with sorrowful indignation.

"So is a babe in its crib; but the little animal wouldn't be any the happier if it followed its rattle over the side and bumped its head against the floor."

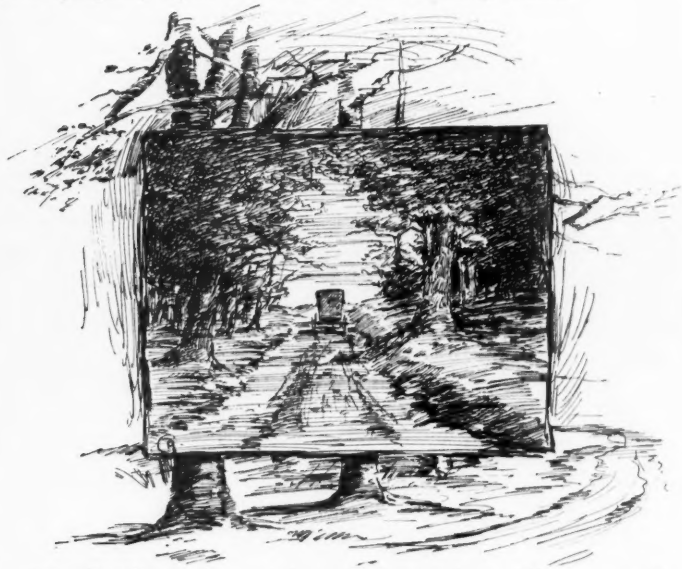
"Do you mean to say that they do not realize their imprisonment?"

"Interview them to-morrow and see how many of them own the establishment."

"—that it is not galling to a refined, once-intellectual man or woman to be subordinated to an illiterate, or at least uncultivated, attendant?"

"Dear me! did you feel galled, outraged, humbled, at hav-

ing to obey black mammy when you were little, or do you feel so now at being ordered by your physician to take a dose of quinine and stay in bed? Those attendants are nurses, housekeepers, playmates—whatever the character of the patients under their charge makes them. Each one of them is loved, abused, attacked, praised, or tattled-on by twenty children, twenty querulous invalids, twenty brutalized human beings, or twenty evil, irresponsible tongues . . . Pity for those 'poor servile, imprisoned' creatures? Ignorance! . . . If there is a humane, God-fearing, capable man at the head of such an institution, bestow your sympathy upon the attendants not the patients."



Miss Pettibone knew whereof she spoke. She was a city-girl, very philanthropic, and belonged to the Flower Mission, was at the head of a Waifs-Soup-Tureen, a Tramps-Sandwich-Counter, an Old-Clothes-Depot, and generalissimo of many private and individual charities. She had commiseratingly bestowed her scrumpy bouquets upon the inmates of this special institution—in those early enlightened days—and had them naively returned to her with the assurance that she might have great basketfuls of flowers to "take back to town" with her. Her little offering had been a cracker to a bakery! She had smuggled cake to the plainly-fed creatures, only to be informed that it was not half so good as what they had at Thanksgiving,

or Christmas, or the Fourth of July, or many other holidays not in the calendar. She had generously offered to supply some chronic knitters with yarn and had been requested to send bright colored zephyrs "like Dot gave them." In short her visits for comforting and relieving had been transformed into visits for learning humility, patience and contentment. She still visited the asylum, but her contributions now were a bright, cheerful presence and a friendly ignoring association with the unfortunates. That she was a welcome guest to Dr. Romney and his interesting family goes without saying.

Helen would have been more impressed, perhaps, by these unfamiliar truths in regard to asylum life had not her attention been given with painful eagerness to the subdued rattling of Merrie's and Bel's tongues.

"I am positive there is some delightful mystery in connection with him, for our Rindy—Rindy's sweetheart is an attendant on one of the negro wards—says there is a cranky dorky over there who spends his whole time planning an escape for this Mr. Philips who he seems to imagine is kept in the asylum as the rest of them are. She tells marvelous tales about his making keys out of all sorts of impossible things and getting them into Mr. Philips' possession in all sorts of impossible ways; but the most staggering feature of the story—you need not believe it, of course; I don't, more than half—that the fellow threw Dot Romney into the lake."

"Tut! ridiculous!"

"I'm not so sure about that," declared Bel, immediately on the defensive for her romantic bit of gossip. "You know he might have thought that Dot was guarding Mr. Philips, to keep him from running away."

"A child guarding a man?"

"Certainly; don't you know enough about lunatics to be aware that they sometimes argue without rhyme or reason, that they take up rather queer notions?"

"Well, and Mr. Philips came to her rescue?" said Merrie, leading back to the subject. "What a pity she is so young!"

"Pity? Her infancy is our only hope!" ejaculated Bel, once more in her flippant mood. "They say the child adores him, looks up to him as a sort of superior being, and—you will laugh, I know, but I got the information straight—it seems that he can actually prevent her stammering."

Laughing incredulity drowned Bel's protests till Helen, fearful lest her continued silence might attract attention even in the darkness that concealed their faces from one another, added her corroborating voice: "I shall have to come to Bel's rescue. I

can assure you of the truth of her assertion, because I saw it demonstrated to-night. Ph—Mr. Philips cut short the child's stammering by laying his finger on her lips, and she talked as smoothly as I do."

Instead of the fusilade of questions she so dreaded to evoke, her information seemed to have reduced them to a state of silent and serious wondering.

"Sammie," said his sister in audible confidence, "this thing demands your immediate attention. We will accompany you in a body to-morrow to see that your rights are not infringed upon. I shall stand by my brother, even to the point of self-sacrifice!"

"Dear Sammie, I would literally fling myself into the arms of Moloch rather than let your little sweetheart be offered at his shrine!" Merrie Bayard heroically avowed.

"Indeed, dear boy," Miss Pettibone murmured with languid animation, "you will perhaps never realize to what extreme we might be induced to go in the matter."

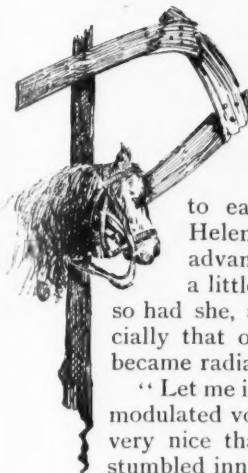
The youth, inured to teasing, laughingly accepted their proffered aid and appealed to Helen: "May I not count upon you, too, Miss Dudley?"

"Indeed you may!" exclaimed she between a laugh and a sob, which sounded hysterical in the darkness; but a titter from Jerry, the driver, mingled with it and prevented analysis.

"Goodness, girls! . . . Look here, Jerry, if you breathe a word of what you have heard to-night I'll—I'll get that young man to hoodoo you."

"Lawd-a-mussy, Miss Bel, you needn't be afeahed 'bout dis nigga's tellin' nothin'—alligatahs couldn't squeeze it out o' me!" In his nervousness he allowed the wheels to go over into a rut, and the girls screamed; whereupon Isabel's father and mother called out anxiously from so close a rear as to put a stop to their foolish rhapsodies about Dr. Romney's private secretary.

CHAPTER XIV.



HILIP chanced to be passing through the hall when the party arrived the next day. Mrs. Hewitt handed the porter a card to be taken to the superintendent, then swept Philip with her haughty, spectacled eyes, while her daughter and proteges talked to Sammie and to each other with animated consciousness, and Helen looked imploringly at her old lover. He advanced and offered his hand smilingly. He was a little pale—as if he had had a bad night; but so had she, and—misery loves company, you know, especially that of a sympathetic heartache—she straightway became radiant.

"Let me introduce you, Philip," she began in a carefully modulated voice—the modulation upon one word being so very nice that Dr. Romney, approaching from her rear, stumbled innocently.

"Mr. Phillips," no longer, my dear young ladies; that was a whim of mine. Allow me the pleasure of introducing my assistant, Dr. Philip Herrick."

Miss Dudley blushed scarlet, but was careful not to let the old familiar name slip from her tongue again in Dr. Romney's presence.

The superintendent gave them *carte blanche* to explore every nook and corner of his vast domicile and sent Dr. Herrick with them for guide and protector.

At the earliest possible opportunity Bel seized Miss Pettibone and hissed in a stage whisper, "Did you understand?—'Herrick,' 'Philip Herrick,' Helen's betrothed, from whom she was separated by that awful dream, you know. Think of our ravings last night! Oh, was there ever anything so seriously ridiculous?"

"Does Mrs. Hewitt suspect?"

"Suspect? You should have noticed her face! Poor mamma is ready to swoon, you know, at the faintest hint of a sensation; and if Helen hadn't done so beautifully—Wasn't it just splendid the way she acted? I wager the good doctor hasn't the slightest notion of what she is to his private secretary—*private secretary*, indeed! What did I tell you? O dear, how romantic! Won't Merrie expire of envy?"

A rat-a-tat-tat of childish knuckles on the massive oaken door was heard as they were preparing to leave one of the wards.

Dr. Herrick unlocked the door and Dot darted under his arm with her apron full of oranges. In his surprise at seeing her—and there, of all places, after the night of nervous horror she had passed through—he was betrayed into an exclamation of anxiety that made the child regard him with wide-eyed surprise.

"I—I always br-ing o-oranges to the ladies who can't go to the d-d-dance," she pouted, while big wistful tears softened the black eyes.

Bel seized her in an effusive embrace and asked anxiously about her sudden illness of the night before. Philip fairly held his breath to catch the answer. Dot tossed her head and said it wasn't anything, only the room was hot and she danced too much. She wriggled out of the affectionate embraces of her friends and deposited her oranges in the long, immaculate and unrumpled apron of the white-turbaned attendant.

"These are not for any of my ladies, dearie; they were all at the dance last evening. Perhaps you intended them for the ward above?"

Dot put her hand to her head in a puzzled way and said to herself, unconsciously and therefore without hesitation, "I think I had horrid dreams last night; maybe that is why I forgot." She would not take back the oranges, though, as "the ladies" had already seen them, but started back to get more for the patients in Number Six.

Sammie, however, got possession of his little sweetheart and persuaded her to make the round with them. After luring her beyond earshot he began questioning her about "that fellow's"—jerking a thumb significantly over his shoulder—power to prevent her stammering. He laughed at her, teased her, professed unbelief, and at last so vexed her that she rushed off to Philip.

"Pl-please make me t-alk straight; S-S-Sammie says I can't," she petitioned trustingly. Philip shook his head slowly and let a faint gleam of a masterful smile hover about the corners of his mouth. "O-h, won't you, please? He-he says I p-p-pucker up my lips l-like I w-anted to be k-k-kissed, and some day he wa-was go-ing to ki-ki-kiss me."

Philip's arm almost leaped from his side and his finger fell gently on her lips. "Go," he said imperatively, "and never again stammer in anybody's presence save mine!" She stared at him an instant, seized the potent hand in an embrace of childish abandon, and then bounded away with a scream of joy.

Naturally the incident created the profoundest amazement. The girls, regardless of Miss Dudley's prior claim on the mysterious young *Æsculapius*, besieged him with questions and

ejaculations. He politely, but distinctly, declined to explain his influence over Dot Romney. He admitted, however, that he possessed some hypnotic skill and if any of them cared to make a personal test of it, he was at their service any time, etc., etc. They shivered and shuddered and ohed and ahed in ecstatic awe, and despite their chaperon's horrified protest appointed a seance for that evening. Mrs. Hewitt, under the circumstances, could do nothing less than invite Dr. Herrick to call; the heedless and enthusiastic curiosity of her daughter and guests left her no other alternative.

While Dr. Romney's entire institution was open to visitors, a discreet guide—especially if he chanced to be one of the young physicians—would make an eclectic tour of observation when his party consisted of young ladies. Philip, therefore, selected a few of the most interesting—no, most *attractive* wards on either side of the house, that is to say, in the male and female departments, and did the honors to the best of his ability; but he soon began to realize that he was contending against a counter attraction, without comprehending its nature, and abridged the tour still more. He was chagrined at the absence of the enthusiasm so generally evoked by Dr. Romney's interesting family, and was enlightened, but not relieved, as to his own responsibility in the matter when upon emerging from the last of the visited wards, the girls overwhelmed him with reminders of the promised hypnotic seance. He would not disappoint them? He would hypnotize *every one of them*, etc., etc. . . . He smiled at them noncommittally and glanced at Helen. Her request was in her eyes, not on her lips.

The solemn presence of a sunburned man with sunbleached hair was added to their group. "You are sweethearts!" he announced sternly, indicating Philip and Helen with two bony brown fingers.

Helen was about to respond in her embarrassment and anger, but Philip warned her in a hasty whisper not to argue with a lunatic; then, aloud, with careless good-nature, asked the man who had told him.

"One of Satan's imps!"

Everybody shuddered; the man's tone was a malediction.

"What does Cupid tell you about those two?" Mrs. Hewitt had the tact to ask, pointing to Sam and Dot.

He looked earnestly at them for a moment, then said, cunningly, "The eagle that mates with our dove will first beat his wings against the bars of a cage."

Philip could not interpret Helen's look, and it made him *distract* toward the visitors. He was glad when they were gone.

CHAPTER XV.



R. ROMNEY'S second assistant found his position complicated. The mundaneness of his life prior to his withdrawal from the world made him loath to bring it into his present if not ideal at least idealized existence. A buffet of fortune had changed the whole course of his life. From the broad and placid channel of medicine he had debouched into the turbulent and erratic steam of psychology. Viennese lectures had given place to object-studies among the insane; love and domestic hopes had yielded, temporarily at least, to scientific interest in the eccentric idol of a yet more eccentric household; and the current being shaped by these new forces was a nature dreamy, speculative, metaphysical, very prone to morbid imaginings and moral mazes, with a strong bias toward the unusual.

A letter from his utilitarian friend, Charles Davis, scattered the clouds from one part of his horizon only to mass them in another. He wrote . . . "What I have told you in confidence is rapidly becoming an open secret; it is talked *sub rosa* in all quarters. The Noirs wear no insignia of mourning, but their faces reveal a sadness disproportioned to mere uncertainty and more in keeping with death or disgrace. It is now nearly four months since Gabriel disappeared; and the detectives who have been constantly at work on the case have strangely enough fallen in with the detectives in that little business of Dick Parker's. You know it was thought at the time that Parker must have had an accomplice, to get off with such a neat haul, and Gabe being his best chum and disappearing so soon after—understand? Looks a little shady for Noir, you see. . . . Now, the practical part of the affair to you is whether or not you are going to utilize it in reinstating yourself with Miss Dudley and the public. Why should you cling to a doubt that is ruining your life? You are not the first person ever victimized by a nightmare, morbid dream, hypnotic delusion, or whatever you choose to term it. You were overworked at the time, nervously wrought-up by the closing exercises, entertainments, etc., and naturally excited in anticipation of the all-important step you were so soon to take. Be sensible, old fellow, and look upon your experience as an extraordinary but not an inexplicable dream; marry Miss Dudley, go to Vienna and Paris as originally planned, and return in

the course of time a bright and shining light to add luster to your native town, already famous for its eminent M. D's. . . . I have just learned that Miss Dudley is visiting a friend near your retreat. If that isn't fate I don't know what is!—to go *South* this time of year in total ignorance of the loadstar drawing her there!"

Philip stopped reading, re-reading more properly, and mused. The goal of his early ambition lay before him, his path cleared of every obstacle. Helen, he knew, had been reassured by Dr. Romney's mark of confidence in making him assistant physician to the institution, and—he smiled—jealousy was already at work dissipating any lingering doubts or fears. . . . He had an engagement with the girls for that evening; others would follow; an opportunity for seeing Helen alone would present itself sooner or later; the old footing would be regained, for they had not been estranged long enough to have lost their proprietary feeling for each other; and—

Philip sighed. It was all so commonplace.

Another picture—vision rather—arose before him. It was ethereal, spirituelle, weird; in it neither love nor ambition had a place; but, instead, the essence of an indefinable feeling which made earthly affections, hopes, and aims appear gross in comparison with the sacred and awful mastery that might be his.

Scientific interest now and then gave place to a human and vain-glorious desire to be all-powerful with at least one fellow-creature. Helen antagonized him constantly. She loved him and was even more ambitious for him than he for himself, but she would prod him to fame instead of leading him to the goal with sympathetic appreciation and trust. Small wonder, then, that he could not always discern between personal and scientific motives in utilizing his hypnotic power, or, more properly speaking, in availing himself of the child's hypnotic susceptibility, to put her *en rapport* with himself so that he might write upon the white tablet of her memory impressions he never intended should be erased. How petty the gift "to see ourselves as others see us" compared to the power to make others see us as we would have them!

Never forgetful of what he owed Dr. Romney, he still had wide scope and innumerable opportunities for exercising his influence, both conscious and unconscious, upon Dot. If he were blue and homesick for past friends and surroundings, or if the unlifted burden of mystery weighed more heavily than he could bear, he would seek a favorite corner of the main veranda—there were so many of them they had to be distinguished—protected by an awning and fanned by the lake-breeze,

and concentrate his thoughts upon the gipsy wanderer of this intricate household. Wherever she chanced to be, however employed, she seldom failed to emerge sooner or later from some unexpected quarter, her wide Panama hat flattened against her shoulders like the outspread wings of a bird, and her dark face aglow with the heat that found more than its rival in the impetuous blood that rioted through her veins. But not immediately would she settle down in the desired spot. Up and down the broad steps she would skim, while Philip held his breath lest the airy feet should trip, or mockingly would she look up from beneath the veranda and warble her weird repertory of religious or voodooistic chants, plantation melodies, and fantastic originalities of insane composers—warble them in defiance



of all attempts to entangle her tongue ; for song was as native to her throat as to a linnet's, and the little breast swelled with the same conscious and confident power. At last she would flutter nearer and nearer, whimsically aware of an uncomprehended resistance, and laughingly or poutingly, according to her mood, demand, "What do you want with me, Mr. Philip?" She had never added the "s," nor was it at all probable that she would ever adopt the now-proclaimed "Dr. Herrick."

□ Thenceforth till Philip chose to send her about her play, she yielded merrily to the lingual predicaments into which she was plunged, and with innate coquetry exaggerated the grimaces she knew to be especially pleasing and tempting to him.

If she was an exorciser of blue devils she was also a conjurer-up of visions and fancies. It was a fascinating occupation to theoretically calculate the extent to which his influence might be carried—to what extent and in what direction he might

develop her mentally, morally, and physically. He shuddered to think what sinister possibilities were latent in her hypnotic susceptibility had she fallen into other hands than his, for, of course, he realized from a purely scientific standpoint she was as moldable material in the hands of a disinterested or an unscrupulous operator as in his own; but his fears were partially allayed by the knowledge that Dot had a perverse will of her own that yielded only with inclination; and her absolute, if unaccountable, affection and confidence in him would always insure him of the advantage over other hypnotizers. This was an unction to his conscience and helped him to lose sight of every motive other than protection in his eager subjugation of the child's will; but on the other hand, it burdened him with a guardianship peculiarly sacred, and caused him to be assailed with doubts as to how he could reconcile the tangible and intangible duties imposed upon him by the conflicting old and new life. His duty and inclination toward Helen were clear—indeed, stood out in bold relief, marvelously bold relief to be so easily blurred by a wayward, intruding image. Qualms toward science and his psychical ward could be almost as poignant, he discovered, as thoughts of self-sacrifice.

Such was particularly his mood the few hours preceding the fulfillment of the rash engagement thrust upon him by "the Hewitt girls," as Bel's parties were uniformly designated, regardless of their component parts. He had been enacting the scene of the night before, and the contrast between that solemn and reverential use of hypnotic power with the frivolous seance to be held after supper seemed almost a desecration of a heaven-bestowed gift. Amidst the chaos of indefinable duties that harassed and bewildered him he recognized a tangible one which he immediately seized upon. Dr. Romney, the father who had trustingly surrendered his child to another's influence, was also that other's benefactor in an hour of more urgent need than physical protection, and no decisive step in thought or action should be taken without his advice. A complete unburdening of entangled facts and moral quandaries revealed the situation to Dr. Romney in a clear light, unaffected by deceptive coloring.

"You would be foolish," Dr. Romney told him, "to sacrifice your life's happiness to so chimerical a duty. Last night the time, the circumstances, and my child's condition all tended to increase the awesomeness of your power—as daylight and reflection tend to dispel belief in it. Of course there is no discrediting your hypnotic ability; that has been clearly proven by Dot, who I doubt not, is a peculiarly 'suggestible' subject; but, as you admit, you have never tried your influence upon anybody else, and how do you know but what there are hundreds of

people in the world just as submissive to your will as my child is?"

"I can not be sure of it without trial, certainly; but I have never been consciously drawn toward any one else or known any one to be so sensitive to my thoughts. Dot felt my presence in her room at a moment when my mind was busy with conjectures about the little stranger sound asleep in her convent-bed hundreds of miles away. Less than ten minutes after our first meeting my excited command threw her into a cataleptic state. Soon afterward I learn that she is susceptible to my suggestions without the medium of hypnotism; then, that she is still more susceptible under light hypnotic influence; and finally that by the utmost exertion of my power she is abjectly, helplessly, and unresistingly subject to my will. . . . You don't understand, Dr. Romney; there are more occult ties between that child and myself than science has yet given name to!"

"Heaven forbid," said the father, with solemn protest. "I don't pretend to understand the thing, but I shall be better satisfied when you have tried your power upon others. The engagement you have been forced into by those silly girls may result in unforeseen good. I had thought of putting my veto upon it, but I've changed my mind. If Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt are willing, hypnotize every one of them, especially Miss Dudley; let your will-power be exerted to the utmost in subjugating your betrothed, that there may be less cause for jealousy when she sees your influence over others. I wish I could be present at the seance. . . . No, you are very good, but too many old folks would spoil the fun."

"I have a deeper interest than merely a polite one, doctor, in your being present."

"I'll think about it, then."

Philip left the office reassured but not satisfied. He strolled, with what energy the July afternoon left him, toward a hammock overhanging the slope to the bayou. The interwoven branches cast a dense shadow and a faint breeze rustled the leaves languorously. He threw off his pretension of a coat, tilted his straw hat back, and enveloped himself in a mosquito-net of smoke. Into the midst of singing, buzzing, humming and rustling, there came an alien sound. He sat up and looked bayouward. Below the upper edge of the slope crouched the lank body of the mulatto Jo. He beckoned eagerly, and Philip rolled out of the hammock and followed. With signs, gesticulations, and subdued exclamations Jo revealed his plan of escape. Philip gazed with mock solicitude into the leaky boat and shook his head. Jo pointed to a tin can and scooped energetically.

"They would row swiftly and silently out of the bayou into the swamp, where they might hide till night," he explained. Philip professed fear of water serpents that might leap up from the bayou or wriggle down from the overhanging branches. Jo promised protection—with fingers and heel—and Philip did not doubt his ability as he watched the savage clutch and vicious grinding.

"What is the use?" Philip asked, "we should be pursued."

"Not in de swamp, suh; dey das'n't."

"And do you dare, aren't you afraid?"

"I ain't feared o' nothin'—'cept de debble an' hoodoos."

"Well, we shall have to put it off till some other time, Jo; your attendant has already seen us."

Jo threw a helpless, baffled glance over his shoulder at the approaching stalwart negro whose vigilance he had eluded, then looked at Philip out of his soft, black eyes that rolled uneasily in their light sockets. "Do'n' gin up, suh," he whispered encouragingly, "I'll git you out fo' long."

Philip walked back to the house musing sadly over the pathetic fancies that take possession of diseased brains, and wondering especially at the whim of fate that had filled the mind of this crazy darcy with a mission to release an utter stranger from an imaginary imprisonment. One soon gets over the inclination to solve riddles in a lunatic asylum, also early learns the futility of combating whimsical notions; but Philip could not banish from his thoughts this last attempt at setting him free; there was such desperate disappointment in Jo's face. What would he not try next? Was any one safe who stood between him and his purpose? He was not a vicious, impertinent negro; on the contrary, he was a gentle-natured creature, humble as a dog, and gave no trouble save in his endeavors to restore liberty to the object of his fancied mission. Philip decided to mention the matter again to Dr. Romney. Either Jo ought to be watched more closely or some further effort be made to explain away his error. He might not always confine his schemes to duplicating keys, procuring boats, or even to so harmless an expedient as shoving good swimmers into the water. Philip's moodiness was rapidly taking the form of belief in a fatality about himself when Dot flashed like a meteor athwart his gloom. She was always a welcome interruption to his thoughts, and he drew her down beside him on the steps, with the deliberate purpose of amusing himself with her tangled tongue until the tea-bell should ring.

Fani Pusey Gooch.

(To be Continued.)

GOING TO MASS.

BEHOLD, the dawn lifts up,
And a light shines down the east
Like red wine in a cup
At some great monarch's feast !
The snow reflects the glare
That reddens o'er the sky,
While through the quiet air
The dusky sparrows fly.

Far down the long white street
The church bells ring for mass,
And lo, on happy feet
The worshipers all pass.
My love walks 'mid the throng
In holiday array,
Her steps seem set to song,
Her face is like the May.

I stop her not for speech,
For greetings or farewells,
For ah, what words may reach
The heaven in which she dwells.
As down the gleamy way
Her happy feet they pass,
And like a dream of May
My love goes by to mass.

The church doors open wide,
The choir chants sweet and low,
While clouds of incense hide
Each taper's starry glow.
Soft through the silvery gloom,
Which hovereth between,
Sweet as an April bloom,
My love's dear face is seen.

Oh, happy Christmas morn,
When men and angels bring
Unto the Christ new born
The heart's glad offering !
When o'er the gleamy snows
The lights of daybreak pass,
And fairer than a rose
My love goes by to mass.

Elvira Sydnor Miller.



"AND FAIRER THAN A ROSE MY LOVE GOES BY TO MASS."

OLD SCIENCE'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

“OLE ooman! moov fum dar, an lemme cum,” exclaimed an old negro as he pushed by his wife to reach a dilapidated musket which hung from a pair of rude wooden pegs fastened into the wall of his cabin over the “chimbly jam.” “Termorrer Ise gwine ter huntin, an I dun laid hit off ter git me sumpin good t’ eat fur dat C’wismus dinner,” and the old negro’s watery eyes twinkled at the thought of the hunt, or possibly the anticipation of that dinner had something to do with his evident delight.

His wife, though, seemed greatly displeased, for she reluctantly arose from the low split-bottom chair on which she had been sitting and said, contemptuously:

“Gwine ter huntin ergin, is yer? Yer better be huntin roun fur er job an git money ter buy dat C’wismus dinner, stidder trapesin an trompin over de hull side er creashin lookin fur C’wismus dinners. Look lak las time yer lookt fur er C’wismus dinner wus nuff ter spasyfy yer, an dats de trufe. Whar yer gwine?” she demanded, sharply.

“Gwine out yonder in de woods ter stroy dem birds an beases,” the old man responded meekly, as he critically examined the gun.

“Yer aint gwine truspass roun de haid o’ de Shaver pon, is yer? Kaze efn yer is Ise gwinter pack my haversack and git erway fum hyar, fur Gord knows I dont want nary n’eer ole fool nigger man cum bustin in on me wid ‘is eye balls all poppin out an ‘is wool all kinkt out straight an him drippin and soakin wet, dat I dusnt, an I aint gwine ter put up wid hit nudder,” and she stood over her husband with her fat arms akimbo, while she eyed him with an ominous scowl, which on her round, shiny face was very unbecoming.

“Dat ole muskit gut no chube on hit, an taint fitten ter use,” she continued, modifying her tone.

The old man looked up at her and said, as he worked at the hammer:

“Lemme tole yer sumpin, ole ooman, in de shape o’ news. Dis nigger’s name S’ience, aint it? Ise named dat high soundin name by de be’ses’ white man pon top side o’ de soil, wusnt I? Well den, huccum he giv me dat name? Des kaze dis nigger’s de s’iences nigger dey is in dese parts, an darfo, efn he dun slipt up wunst hit aint no manner o’ reasin dat he’s gwine ter slip up ergin, let lone in de same place. So Ise gwine ter huntin, an dar’ll be er pot bile’n in dish heer cabin C’wismus day dat’ll farly

mek yer dribble at de mouf. How'd er pot full er rabbits an dumplings an inguns tase, Hanner, hur?" and the two broke out in a peal of laughter which was hearty and spontaneous. All apparent displeasure having now been removed from the face of the old woman, she took a lively interest in the preparations of cleaning the gun.

"Yer aint gut nary ramrod, S'ience, an aint I dun tole yer de chube's dun busted?" said the old woman as she busied herself with tearing a strip of cloth from a rag.

"Ne'er mine, gal!" responded the old man; "dis ole muskit ben layin roun sence s'render, an I lay dis aint de fus time dat hits ben foun wantin fur er chube, but dars chubes ter be hed fur de buyin un em, an dars ramrods yit growin in de timber. So, wharsumever dars wills, dar tis yo'll fine ways, es de good Book say, an efn dat little Shaver boy who pappy own dat Shaver pon git hyar ginst I git back, tole him ter git dem ammernishins whar he say he gwine ter fotch an be hyar wid is dog by sun up, kaze birds an beases in de fiel aint lak sum nigger oomans whar I knows, fur dey gits up airly an goes ruslin bout tryin ter fine sum rashins fur dey famblies."

"Hur! I lak ter know who gwinter feed er ole no count nigger lak you is," the old woman spoke as her lord and master disappeared through the door.

The next morning Science, and the Shaver boy started on their hunt for the "C'wisumus dinner." According to their agreement the boy was to furnish the ammunition and the dog, while the old negro was to shoot the game, which was to be divided evenly. But when the boy appeared with a little fice that he had lured from some yard by tempting bits of the lunch he carried, the old negro was loud in his anger.

"Whufur yo bring dat little old fice dog fur, boy?" he demanded sternly. "Aint yer nuver gwineter larn nuttin bout beases an rabbits?"

"Thats the bes kind of a dog, Uncle Science," the boy responded meekly. "He kin beat any dog I ever saw after cats."

"Whut in de name o' Gord is er cat got ter do wid dish heer hunt, I lak ter know; I des ax yo whut is dey mountin ter sides er rabbit? Er cat is skeerd er eve'y beas whar is, ceptin tis er rat, an deys sich pinted low down varmints dat deys skeerd o' deysefs." And after expatiating at length upon the general "no countness" of the fice, who trotted contentedly along in front of this pair, so picturesque in their dissimilarity, the old man looked intently at the boy, who averted his gaze and said, "Yer nuver seed dat dog Plute o' mine, did yer, boy?"

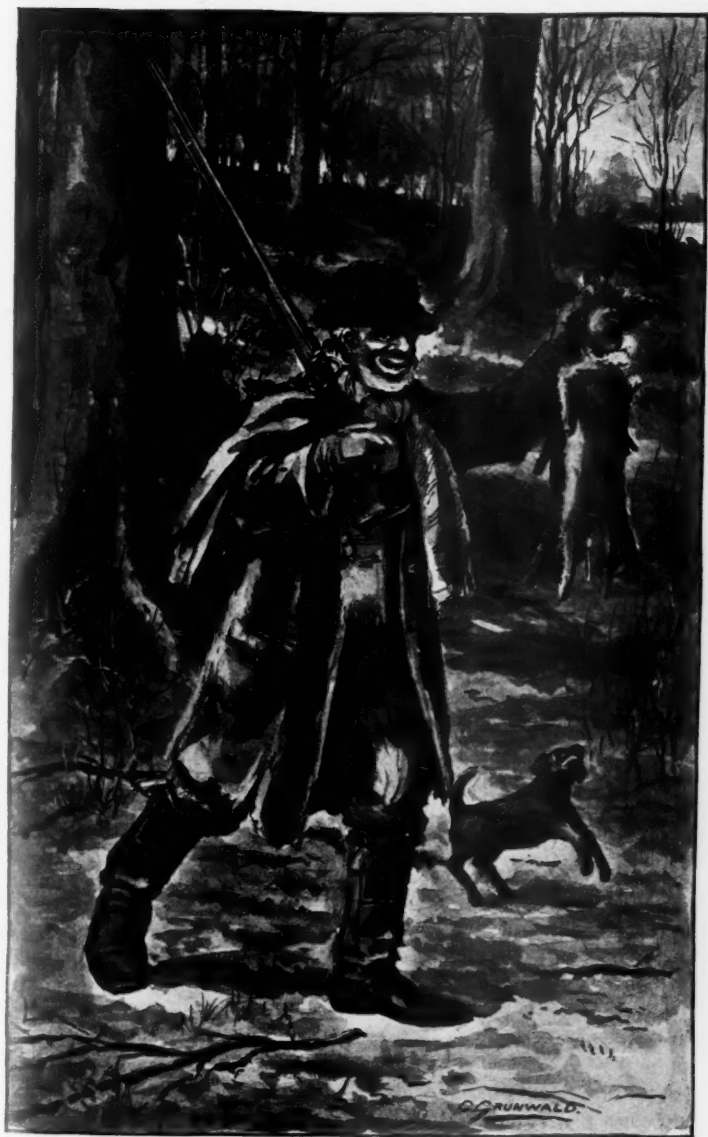
"Which one? That old mangy yellow hound that used to suck eggs and kill sheep, and do all the meanness in the neighborhood?" asked the boy innocently.

"Uh hur, des lisen dar! Runnin down dat dog whilst he's ded. Dats hit; lak all de yerther folkes in dis worrel, de minnit er pussun is put in de groun right den an dar deys peeples standin ready ter tell yer how mean dey wus. Ef dat dog 'us hyar, I'd mek im tek er piece outn yo leg, dat's whut I'd do." And the old man glared at the boy, who hung down his head, and failed to sustain his assertions against the character of the departed dog. The old man continued: "Nobody nuver is tole yer whut er rabbit dog dat wus, did dey? I boun dey didnt. Nuver splain ter yer how he used ter mek dem yerther beases, squrruls an things fine er hole, did dey? No, sur, I bet yer dey nuver, yit huccum dey knows so much er bout dat aig bisness, dats whut I wants ter know. An dem sheeps, whar bouts wus de slaughterin done at, er did dey tek de time in dey ramblements ter mulgate de surquirmstances?" the old man asked, with an ominous glare in his eyes as he stuck his lips out in a grotesque manner, which was an unfailing sign of anger.

The boy still maintained a sheepish silence, knowing that the old man would still further dilate upon the virtues of the departed Pluto, and he thought that the error could be remedied by agreeing with the old man in anything concerning his dog that might be advanced. So, after walking in silence for a time, the old negro, looking with an amused smile on his face at the actions of the little fice, who was sniffing at every brush heap and wagging his tail as though he expected a whole legion of cats to emerge from their hiding and scamper away, broke into a fit of laughter as he said:

"Um-m! ef dat dont sho'ly beat my time; I ud des love ter see ur black snaik er sumpin des dart out fum dat bresh heap at dat fice, des ter see whut kine o' gait dat dog ud hit. Now efn dat 'us Plute, he'd be way over yander, fus one place an den er nudder, an fus news yo'd know he'd fotch er long 'Ow-oo-o-o' an den yer'd heer sumpin cummin thru de leaves, 'clippity-clip,' an den efn yer knowed how ter shoot dat rabbit when he cum by yer yer'd des whis'le right sof, an dat rabbit ud stop an lisen an den yer'd raise dat gun an '*ber-room*,' an den go dar an pick 'im up, stuf 'im in yer pocket an go on bout yer bisniss. Dats whut er hun'sman ud do. I dunno how yerther folks ud git long.

"But dat dog 'us too swif fur de beases, so dey jis consquaired gin im, an gut de ghoses out yonder in de Shaver pon ter help em drown 'im, an mo'n dat, dey had me pusht so clost dat I gie up huntin fur many er day des on ercount o' dat, fur I wus,



"DAT OLE NIGGER'S GUT HIS C'WISMUS DINNER SHO."

wunst pon time, de bigges hun'sman in dese parts. But I nuver bargin'd ter splode roun wid ghoses, an es dey kilt old Plute, an likened ter gut me I dun gie't up 'twel ter-day."

Further conversation was cut short by the shrill yelping of the dog which told that he had encountered a "beas," which after bagging, was followed by another and still another rabbit until the game bag was full, and the pair seated themselves in the broom sedge to rest and eat their lunch; the evening sun warmed them and the sedge protected them from the chilly December wind. After finishing their repast the boy asked the old negro, who like all of his race was filled with superstitions, for the story of how the ghosts had so nearly caught him at the headwaters of his father's mill pond, a large body of water with a perfect jungle of cane brakes and rushes growing among the rank undergrowth with which the banks of the pond were lined. Huge, gnarled trees spread their branches heavenward, interlocking, made a canopy which almost shut out the sunlight, and gave the spot a dark, weird appearance. On account of this sombreness, the place was generally known by the negroes to be "hanted" by an old white-bearded ghost, called by them "ole man Banks," because of his resemblance to an old miser who had lived for years in a cabin overlooking the pond, and whose body was one day washed over the mill dam by the high waters. Stories of this ghost, whose sole occupation was generally conceded to be devoted to chasing negroes and dogs, with a view of using them for bait for his trot lines, were told frequently by belated inhabitants of the neighborhood.

The 'hant's' allies were the huge swamp owls which habited the hollow trees and multiplied from year to year unmolested, while flocks of duck floated lazily upon the water, as no hunter ever ventured into the dark recesses of this weird spot.

The boy waited patiently for the story while the old man, after having repented of his hastily expressed opinion of the little fice, settled himself more comfortably in the sedge, and as he twisted the ears of the dog with his horny fingers, said: "Es I wus er sayin, bout dis time two year gone, de ole 'ooman, dat's Hanner, she cum ter de cabin fum whar she'd ben wu'kin' at, an I nuver is seed 'er so downcas an moanish. I axed her wharfo was de meanin o' all dat, an she spon: 'kaze Ise gut er triflin, no count nigger man layin roun de cabin dat cyant ev'n git er C'wismus tukkey fur we all's dinner.' I den mek' enquirements whar's dem tukkeys all dem yerther nigger oomans gwine ter git, an bout den she gut ter showin de whites of 'er eyeballs, an I tuk er noshin' I'd sorter lay low. Well, I fix m' mine up dat I'd amble t'erds de crick an foller her down

ter see efn I cudn't flush up sumpin er nudder whar ud have sembllements ter tukkey, ef 't wus on'y er buzzerd, an out de do I slipt, wid ole Plute follerin clost in behine. Yo nuver seed dat dog? Man, sur, dar wus de onliest dog pon top side de soil. Hit wus 'Katy bar de do' wid er rabbit, an ever time he'd scratch hissef at de cabin de squrruls out in de woods ud jes make er all night run fur dey holes. Well, es I wus er sayin, I struck de crick bottum an foller'd down thu de canebrake an on ter de Weunt fiel an I aint seed nur heerd no soun er game whutsumever. Hit wus gittin long t'erds sundown an Plute wus nosin hyar an beatin down sedge dar, an doin of his leveles bes ter flush up sumpin, but hit des seem lak twant no manner er use, hit lookt lak dem birds an beases dun move erway fum de face er de yearth. I sorter thash erroun in de sassafrac bushes waitin ter heer dat soun fum ole Plute, but no, sur, I heerd nuthin. He des kep hissef on de rampage, and kep er huntin, gittin furder and furder erway fum me. Bimeby, way off yander in de thickets I heerd sumpin soun lak ole Plute doo when he gits er possum up er big red oak airy in de mawnin. I step out and lisen. I say ter m' sef dat soun mighty lak ole Plute dun foun sumpin, an I lisen yit mo. 'Yas, sur,' ses I, 'dats him! dats his call!' an wid dat I put out ter go ter him. On I went twel, bless goodness, fus news yer knowed I wus in de haid o' de Shaver pon, right dar in de hanted *deest*rick, whar de ole man an dem owls lives de blessed time, doin nuttin in de worrel but coaxin niggers in dar an drownin em, dats all dey dus. Time I seed dat I gun ter mek er squ cut roun de aidge o' de water ter keep fum gittin in dar so fur, when dar ergin wus ole Plute er callin ter me des es plain ter cum on as ef yo mammy called yer ter de house. I 'us skeerd ter go een dar, but sumhow ne'er dat dog soun lak he dun gut big game up er tree, else big game dun gut him up one, I dunno which, an knowin es I did dat ghoses wus een dar an hit er gittin dark, I stopt en blowed fur ole Plute ter cum on an les move t'erds home, but he nuver cum, an I heerd him call no mo. I ses ter m'sef dat dog's dun gone home an dars whur I'm gwine, too, but des den an dar whut shud I see but er flock o' wile tukkeys cum long, *fish, fish*, rite over m' haid. I aint seed er passel o' wile tukkeys in so long dat I plum furgits de ghoses and put out in water knee-deep, follerin atter dem tukkeys, kaze I knowed dey'd lite sumers in de big cypus trees up dar in de haidwater, an I des made up m' mine den an dar dat one o' dem tukkeys 'ud be siz-zlin in de pot dat ver nex day. Yer nuver is eat no wile turkey, parbiled an den browned een de ub'n, is yer?" asked the old

man of the boy whose attention to his narrative was very marked.

"No, I never eat any wild turkey. But aint jes turkey good, with jelly and bread?" the boy responded, while the old man chuckled and smacked his lips, which actually began to look greasy at the mere suggestion.

"I lay you tukkey's good when and wharsomever yer fines hit, but wile turkey is des nachully *gooder* dan enything what tis pon top side o' de soil. Mos niggers meks grate mirashin bout possum, but dem niggers aint ben useter nuthin tall but hog belly. Man sur, us hunters knows whut's good ter eat ef I do hev ter say it m' sef."

Having thus delivered himself of his modest opinions on things gastronomic the old man continued:

"Well sur, whilst I 'us follerin dem tukkeys an lookin up in de tree tops, I seed em lite, and den I knowed dar 'us whar dey roos, an I cud des feel dem fethers in m' han, I 'us dat sho I'd git one, mebbe two. So I gun er still hunt, keepin m' eye on dem tukkey an walkin slow, twel fus news yer knowed, down ergin de groun I cum, *ker blap*.

"Dat skeerd off de tukkeys, leasways when I riz dar warnt no tukkey settin dar whar I seed em lite, but stidder dat hyar wus er ole hooty owl settin dar clampin his mouf tergedder an twisin his haid all de way roun. Well 'rite dar wus whar I oughter tun't back an gone ter ten ter m' own bisness, and let dat owl erlone; stidder dat I tuk er noshin I'd shoot 'im and riz my gun, and tuk sich er aim on dat ole owl, dat I had 'im settin mos on de een er dis muskit. I had one eye squint up an pulled de trigger—*an snap*—and ef dat ole gun didn't fool me, I aint settin hyar. De fus time in my reckermembance dar wus no cap on de chube. Dat noise sorter startle dat ole owl an, gennermen, he swoop down fum up dar, an made er pass ter snatch my eye-balls out. I say—'Look out dar, whut yo bout, yo pop-eyed devil,' an he made nuther pass rite at my haid. I say, 'I lay I fix yo efn I gits er cap on dis muskit, yer mannish rapscaillon,' an mon, time I said dem wurds, heer was er nudder an er big-gest one cum ter jine dat air one whar was continul peckin at me. By dat time I had me nuther cap fixt on de chube, but I notuses dat ever time I try ter git dat muskit up ter m' site, dat er cole breaf o' win wud pass t'erds me, an sorter give me dem shivers an trimbles, an whut twixt dem shivery feelins in m' haslet,—which twus cum purty nigh shakin de muskit outn m' han,—an dem owls flyin everwhicherway, I made m' mine up ter hit ter get outer dar, an dat fothwith. Well sur, I was feelin monstus skeerd, kaze I ben heerd time an no eend bout ghoses

havin dey habilments up dar in de haid o' dat Shaver pon, an I nuver is seed no owls ac'in in dat obstruprous way, no time sence I ben pon top side o' de soil, an I ses to m'sef, ses I, 'S'ience, efn yer sich er s'ience nigger yo better be gittin long, kaze hits mos nite, an dat "ole man o' de pon" gwine ter bait 'is feesh hooks purty soon, an ef dars one bait dat ole ghos laks better 'n nudder, tis nigger bait.' Well, sur, I aint mo'n let dat slip out m' mine, whenst er big mannish voice say right over m' haid, 'Who, who, who say so?' and the old negro imitated the hooting of the owl perfectly. "I ain't spon," he continued reflectively. "Den dat voice say ergin, 'Who, who, who say so?' I up an say, 'Lord knows, man, I aint say so.' Den dat voice puts dem bass notes in dar dis time an he say, 'Who-o-o?'"

"I nuver wait dar to tell 'im, kaze it peard to me dat whosomever dat wus axin dem biggitty queshins hed no manner er right ter git me ter spond, so I des lit out fum dar, an es fur es I cud heer I kep heerin 'im axin : 'WHO-O-O?'"

The old man's face wore a very serious expression, and the look of wonderment on that of the boy was ludicrous ; his eyes were bright and his whole manner bespoke intense interest.

"Well," continued the old man, after a silence, "dar I wus een de cane brakes, an knee-deep in water ; cole es er cowcumber een de spring-ouse an nite cummin on me. Goin on, howsumever, I foun er dugout layin up ginst de bank, an I des jump een dar an gun ter paddle on t'erds de mill. De freshits had dun made dat ole pon powerful high, an I cud heer de water porin over de dam, which soun same es de win do when she blow hard. Dar I wus. No game fur dat C'wismus dinner, an whut's mo, none in site. Whar my dog gone I dunno ; home, whar I wisht I wus, I spec. So I 'us paddlin long in de gloom wid dem owls cyarin on in de trees fit ter kill, when whut shud I see settin dar in de water but de bigges drake duck I ever seed, settin dar right een m' paf. I reckermemberd dat C'wismus dinner, an de whites o' de ole ooman's eyes, an tuk site on dat ole duck, an *ker bloom*, dat ole gun spoke out. When de smoke clard way I seed dat duck dar, an he lookt lak he aint toch, do I seed de water fly up whar dat load hit. He 'us settin way up een de water, lookin es sassy es yo please. I say ter m'sef, 'S'ience, dar's sumpin wrong gwine on een des waters, but whut tis,' ses I, 'I dunno. Dat gun 'us loaded wid slugs an loaded ter kill too, mon, an ef dat duck aint kilt, he hurt too bad ter fly ur swim,' ses I, 'an I'll des paddle up dar an fotch 'im one on de haid wid dis paddle an fix 'im.'

"So I paddles up easy an crope up ter de prow o' de dug-out, an I notus dat ole duck look at me outer 'is eye kinder cu'us, den star'd at me pine blank, an never so much es blinked. I

raise up wid de paddle an fotch 'im one right pon top o' de back an knock dat ole duck clean under water an split de paddle plum to pieces."

"Did you kill him, Uncle Science?" asked the boy, curiously.

"Ne'er min bout dat, you wait an see," responded the old man, "an efn yo ever sees er ole black duck wid er white breas an glassy lookin eyes nosin roun de haidwaters o' dat pon yo des make er bee line fur home. Dats all; des clar out fum dar fur, dog gone my cats, efn yo won't feel de weight o' triburlashin hangin in *yo* lights, sho's *yo* bo'n," and the old man rolled his eyes and looked toward the woods where the gathering shadows made the sombre coloring still darker, while the boy began to show signs of merriment which evidently displeased the old story-teller, for he said: "Dats rite, laf an show yer ignomus. *Yo* ain't seed nary ghos duck or I boun yo'd keep de merriment fum yo brow." So after thus admonishing his youthful companion the old man continued: "Whenst I bresh de water out m' face, whar splash'd een dar, I look, an dar set dat old duck, des er smilin at me. Dat outdo me. Hit sho did; I say, 'Yo fool duck must think I'm dat saw-mill nigger; I let yo know whose who in dis shindig,' and wid dat I fotch 'im nuther whack right pon top o' de haid. Des es I dun dat I heerd sumpin say in dat lonesome voice: 'Hi dar! Whut yo doin, nigger?' I turnt an look, an dar right pon top o' me mos wus de ghos o' ole man Banks. Dar he wus, all white and standin' up in de *lectlest* bateau I ever is see. He had long white whiskers hangin down to his wais, an er lasserat made out'n cobwebs in his han des gitten ready ter wrop roun dis ole nigger. If dem things ever does toch er nigger, hits all night, honey, wid 'im den. I nuver wait ter pass de time o' day wid 'im, I des lit out fum dar an start fur de mill. Des es I wus makin tracks fur de mill dat ghos fotch one yell, an den all de yerther water witches take up de cry, tell hit soun like lot er fices whar dun skeert up er red fox. But bove hit all I heerd ole Plute, er sumpin ne'er what soun mity lak 'im, splashin roun in de water an er gurglin an I say, 'Far'well, fren, we'll meet no mo, kaze I gut no time ter tarry—' an I knowed den fur sho dey'd gut the bes'es dog what uver treed er coon. But shucks! dat boat didn't mek de time I want at dat pint, so I des lef' dis ole muskit in dar, and lit rite in de water which 'us so high an so cole, an runnin so swif, twel hit carried me plum thu de mill-race under de mill-house, in mungst de cog-wheels and I knowed no mo. Whenst I cum to dey hed me in de mill-house an 'us givin me er big dram er lick.

"Dem ghoses cum mighty nigh baitin dey feesh hooks wid dis ole nigger, but no sur-ree bob, I us too peert by haf fur um.

But fo Gord, boy, when I lookt up dar wus de miller, dat Win'-ser man, standin dar an he lookt powerful lak dat ghos in de boat, he did dat, an——"

"Good gracious!" said the boy interrupting the old negro as he arose from the broom sedge—"is that all?"

"Look hyar, boy," said the old man as he, too, arose; "is dis yo manners? wait twel I tells yo bout dese ghoses an den yo kin put yo quirements, but twel den I'm gwineter git thu."

He waited a few moments for further interruption, but as none came the old man began again, but it was evident that he was troubled by the boy's want of enthusiasm for the closing portion of his narrative. He kept his eyes well on the youngster, while a deep frown settled on his kindly old face.

"Dem ghoses," he continued slowly, emphasizing each word, "rid me ever step er de way ter de cabn, dey 'us dat mad I gut erway fum um, fur dey switch me and tied my har in knots fur dey sturrups, an I broke haf o' de toofs outin my jim crow gittin dem kinks out. Yas sur, I did."

But even this startling information to his companion did not avert the impending blow to the old negro's superstition, for the boy having heard his father tell of the scare that old Science had received while on the pond that Christmas eve of two years before, said with bitter childish sarcasm:

"I heard it different from that. Mr. Windsor, the miller, said that you were shooting at some decoy ducks he had in the pond, and was trying to kill one with a paddle when he hollered at you, and you fairly flew, and next day he went to look at his trot line and found your dog in the water dead; he had swallowed a turtle hook with a big piece of meat on it which had been baited for cat fish, and that he drowned himself—an—"

"Who tole yer dat?" asked the old negro incredulously.

"Mr. Windsor told papa, and papa told me," answered the boy earnestly.

"Well, sur, ef heer I aint ben dis haf hour settin heer on dis groun givin m'sef er crap er rheumatiz des ter 'struct yer bout dem ghoses, an lo an berholds efn yo aint gut de larnin fum *Mister* Winser. He's gut his side o' de story an' Ise gut mine, an whichsumever yer wants ter blieve yo's mo den welcum ter. So ef yo knowed so much all dis time, ef yo'd er des ben so kine an spoke we cud er ben home by now stidder stayin out hyar in de ole fiel twell mos nite."

So in silence they returned homeward, the boy far behind the old negro, for he felt that his "room was better'n his company," as the old man expressed it, but Science trudged onward, his spirits increasing as the distance which separated him from

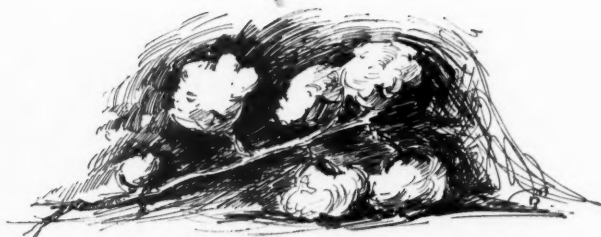
his cabin was lessened. Although his vanity had received a blow, and he was sorely vexed in spirit at the intelligence which had just been communicated to him, and which accounted for many things heretofore inexplicable, still the thought that he would be on hand early the next morning and catch the little boy and all his family "C'wismus gif" comforted him somewhat; and so, as the shadows had lengthened and the evening sun was setting in a blaze of golden glory, he neared his cabin, holding the rabbits for his Christmas dinner high in the air, and singing as he went:

"Ole Molly har,
Whut yer doin dar,
Settin in de cotton patch smokin my seegar."

The sound of his voice was wafted to his wife who was awaiting his coming, and as she turned to re-enter the cabin, a broad, expansive smile on her beaming face, she said, half aloud:

"Ole S'ience aint cummin back dis time lak he dun las.
Dat ole nigger's gut his C'wismus dinner sho."

Charles Ernest Shober.





“IF the milk-white doe be wounded
I may spear it as it bounds
Past the copse !” His horn has sounded
Rally to the beaten hounds.
Has he lost his retinue,
Pages, hounds and huntsmen, too ?
Far among the hills unbounded
Echoes of his bugle blew.

Not one panting stag-hound follows ;
Deep the forest brush ; and lost
Is the trail among the hollows
Of the hills that he has crossed.
He must leave his steed and fare
Over rocks the foxes share
With the monster boar, that wallows
Where the were-wolf has his lair.

Had he read such tales in olden
Legends of the Spanish monks ?
How a girl, with hair all golden,
Haunts the fountains and the trunks

Of the wildwood ? Tales that say
She a doe is all the day,
But when forests are enfolden
In the twilight, is a fay.

He had laughed to hear men blab it,
How a certain woodland spring
Demons beautiful inhabit,
And a lovely evil thing :
And he laughed now. Had he heard
Water gurgle or a bird
On the branches ? Sure a rabbit
In the leaves had leapt and stirred.

And he found a mossy water
Falling from brown granite tops,
Where the long fern reached and caught her
Tresses full of twinkling drops ;
Where the water-plant hung keen
With rain jewels, liquid green
As the diamonds of the daughter
Of the water and the queen.

Baby bubbles of its dripping
Tossed white crystals in the light ;
Silver sounds of feet went slipping
Like a spirit clothed in white.
Here it crooned among the rocks ;
Sighed among the lily flocks ;
Over golden pebbles tripping
Like a forest fay who mocks.

And he followed. And the flowers
Of his infancy were there,
White and gold in moonlight showers,
And the blue of woven air.
And he followed where the stream
Ran as rosy as a dream,
With its apronful of hours
Of the starlight and the gleam.



"FROM THE SAVAGE ROCKS AROUND HE COULD GAZE INTO AND SOUND"

Till within the forest, clearer
Than the noonday, darker yet
Than the midnight, lay the mirror
Of the Fountain of Regret.
From the savage rocks around
He could gaze into and sound
Its wild silence, farther, nearer,
Than the echoes that rebound.

No light ripple o'er it merried ;
Steadfast as the empty day ;
In dark deeps vague faces ferried
Grotesque shapes that seemed to sway
Fiendish foliage. . . Two eyes,
Greener than the green that dyes
Polished emerald, seemed buried
In the water's mysteries.

Eyes inhuman that were human ;
Open as the leaf-cupped rain
In the lime-leaf, yet unto man
Riddles of unearthly pain ;
Stealthy eyes that now were here,
There . . . and is it now a deer,
Shapely, or a snow-white woman
In the dusk who standeth near ?

Who could help but love the sadness
Of her grave, green eyes, the gold
Of her hair, whose touch were madness,
And her face so pale and cold !
Round her white throat palest pearls ;
Laces, that seemed knitted whorls
Of the breezy foam's own gladness,
Hung about her grace in swirls.

"Dost thou love me ?" "If surrender
Be what love is, then I love."
"Mine hath peril." "Thou art tender ;
Is there danger in the dove ?

Yet thy face would make a slave
'Mid Romance's dragons brave!"
Golden on the pool the splendor
Of the full moon marked his grave.

"I have loved thee long. The double
Of deep pleasure we will drink.
Bid farewell to every trouble;"
And she drew him to the brink
With compelling eyes, and kissed
Him with lips of chilly mist . . .
In the moonlight burst one bubble,
Yet the night was wondrous whist.

Madison Carwein.





SOMEWHAT POLITICAL.

SINCE we spoke to our readers through these pages a month ago, there has been a political upheaval in the land. Some call it an upheaval, some say it is a landslide. We prefer to consider it an upheaval. Undertakers are very respectable people, and we all have to call on them sooner or later, but FETTER'S SOUTHERN MAGAZINE prefers to uplift rather than to bury. Therefore we are optimistic in our views of all things, and would build rather than destroy. We choose an upheaval before a landslide.

Yes, it was literally an upheaval. The people of this great country have spoken their honest sentiments, and have risen up against a political system which was not in accordance with their views. In selecting Mr. Cleveland over Mr. Harrison the nation has not considered altogether the personality of the two men. Both are respectable, good men; both were the embodiment of ideas; the people have chosen one of those ideas and rejected the other. It was indeed a great victory; but it was a victory of the people, not of the politicians. Of course there was money used, much of what is called "work" done, on both sides; but ten times the money spent and a hundred times the "work" would not have changed the verdict of the ballots.

Such an election has not been known in the memory of this generation—if indeed there ever was such a one before. And its effects will be more far-reaching than any one now supposes. The results in New York and Indiana were not unexpected. But in Michigan and Illinois, and California, and Wisconsin, and most notably in Ohio, there has been a snow storm of ballots which was not looked for by "the oldest inhabitant." Men look at each other and inquire, "What does it all mean?"

Yes, what does it all mean? It means that the great North

and the growing West have determined against McKinleyism, and decided that there shall be no more interference on the part of Federal authorities with State elections. It means, more emphatically and more significantly than any other political upheaval, that this Union is "one, and indivisible," and that all the citizens of this great country shall hereafter vote as they choose upon economic questions, without regard to sectional bitterness. It is a proclamation by the American people of their freedom and their unity—a compact of their brotherhood.

For all of which we have good reason for thanksgiving. Not that one party has won and another has lost; but that for the first time in many long and weary years, we have honestly expressed our sentiments without passion, without hatred toward one another, without defiling ourselves or disgracing our nationality.

In his victory Mr. Cleveland has good right to find supreme satisfaction. In his defeat Mr. Harrison can not find any grounds for shame or self-condemnation. The people have spoken; they have spoken to an issue; they have announced their verdict on the pleadings as made up, and neither man was at all considered except in so far as he was the embodiment of an idea. While Mr. Harrison stood by the bedside of his dying wife he had the loving sympathy of every decent citizen of these United States. And to-day there is not a man vile enough to exult over his defeat. The sober sense of this country has pronounced against the principles of his party—that is all.

As to Mr. Cleveland, he was the incarnation of an idea. With nearly every politician of any prominence in his own party against him, he was nominated. With every presage of defeat confronting him, he was elected by a most astounding vote. It was proclaimed that he could not carry New York and Indiana. He carried them both easily and along with them the great West stepped up and answered "*adsum*" when its name was called. However striking his personality; however charming his gentle wife and prattling baby girl; it was the idea for which the people voted rather than the man.

And that idea was that economy and honesty ought to be the ruling principles in every governmental function. Mr. Cleveland embodied the theory and practice of retrenchment and reform. To that theory thoughtful people gave allegiance, and for it they cast their ballots.

It is true there were other issues in the canvass, but they were only of minor importance. People have tried in vain to explain the result of the election by assigning this or that,

small reason for the result. There has been talk of good management in this place, and bad management in that. There are rumors of a lack of money here, and a plethora of dollars there. All such talk is nonsense. The work of both parties was ably managed, and both parties had all the money they could use. The American people, who are completely unmanageable when the bit is taken in the mouth, had their say in this matter, and neither money nor management could stop them.

The Force bill cut a wide swath among the voters, especially as applied—or as was threatened to be applied—in the North. To these people there was some excuse for enforcing such a law against men in the South, who had been in rebellion. Twenty years ago it seemed proper and right. But conditions have changed; animosities have faded away; and when the deputy marshals undertook to control the elections in New York City and in Chicago, as well as in Alabama and Arkansas, the free spirit of the North rebelled, and put its resentment in the ballot box. Intelligent people saw how the Force bill could be an engine of oppression everywhere, and when the full significance of it came home to them their votes destroyed it.

The McKinley bill, too, bore its portion of the universal condemnation of the party which had passed it. You might argue as you please about the rights of the working man, but the strikes on the railroads and in the mines answered every argument. In all the British Isles, where free trade prevails, you could not find one man who has made so great a fortune in his whole life as Mr. Carnegie has made in twenty years, or Mr. Gould has made in twenty-five. And when Mr. Carnegie contributed to the campaign fund of the Republican party, he lost it a vote with every one of his hundred thousand dollars. People felt that an economic system which could enable him to contribute that much money, while his workmen were on a strike, must be wrong in some part of it.

But the great source of rejoicing over this election comes from the fact that it was in no way indecent or sectional. The canvass was clean and dignified; the blackguard was not on the stump, and the bumner was not at the polls. Everybody recognized that Mr. Harrison was a Christian gentleman, pure in his moral character and strict in the performance of his duties to his God, his country and his neighbors. Everybody understood that Mr. Cleveland was a strong, bold, able man, a good husband, a devoted father, a type of the true American citizen. So there was no mud-slinging, and everybody felt that if either of these men were elected we should have a gentleman in the office of whom the nation need not be ashamed.

Yet the "Solid South" was solid, just as a flock of sheep will huddle together every time the wolf comes. The instinct of self-protection admits no argument. In danger we seek a friend as certainly as the needle points to the North Star. The children of the South have grown up to be Democrats because the Republican party has denounced their fathers as rebels and traitors. So long as that remained an issue there could be few white people in the South who could decently vote the Republican ticket. It mattered little what party platforms were, the "Solid South" was with that party which did not have occasion to denounce it or traduce it.

Now there is a change,—at least there seems to be. Sectionalism has gone—let us hope, forever. The North votes as its better judgment dictates, and the South may divide upon lines of party policy. The North has said emphatically that the iron hand shall not be pressed upon the Southern people. And in that voice there is a thrill of tenderness which we all feel, and to which the South shall not be unresponsive.

It looks as if Illinois and California and Wisconsin had broken the "Solid South." If it be true that a closer union, a nearer, dearer nationality has come upon us, let us all

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

THE HOMESTEAD TROUBLE.

THE Homestead strike is at an end. That it should ever have occurred was most deplorable. There are dead men above whose graves the weeds grow: there are widows and orphans from whose hearts the pall of sorrow will not be lifted soon. The vanquished have yielded to the inevitable, but in their hearts, as well as in the hearts of the victors, there is bitterness not to be eradicated. Mr. Carnegie is not Moses, to cast a tree into the bitter waters of Marah and make them sweet.

We do not approve of strikes. In every strike the poor man is worsted sooner or later. He must have money for his daily bread, and when his wages cease, some other poor man must contribute to his sustenance. Many times this contribution comes, grudgingly, from a man whose wages are smaller than the striker's were before he struck. The capitalist can live upon his credit and his bank account; the working man must pay spot cash for every pound of meat and loaf of bread he gets. In the long run the millionaire can stand a strike better than the laborer. Strikers have oftentimes been driven by abject want

to lawlessness, to theft and arson ; there is no instance recorded where the rich employer denied himself a single luxury because his men were on a strike. While the Homestead people were on their strike, Mr. Carnegie, their employer, was able to buy estates in Scotland, endow free libraries in the manufacturing towns of England, and have a hundred thousand dollars left to spare in swelling the corruption fund of a political party, to which, and to whose policy, his vast fortune was attributable.

There is an object lesson in all this, and the American working man is at last beginning to observe it. The wolf at the door will in time make any of us look to our powder and pick our flints. The wan pallor of a wife, and the pinched cheek of the little child can out-argue all the eloquence of all the after-dinner speakers in the land. The champagne which would be served to Mr. Chauncey Depew, at a single dinner, would cost almost enough to maintain a working man and his wife for a week. Nobody has a right to blame Mr. Depew for drinking his champagne and eating his costly dinners. For the performance of those duties he is paid a salary equal to that received by the President of these United States.

And Mr. Carnegie has the same right to enjoy his millions in his own way, and at his own sweet will, as the working man has to spend his pennies as he pleases. Both of them are free men, in a free country. Both in this country and in England the rights of personal property are respected, and the dinner in the tin pail of a Homestead striker is as sacred as the champagne in Mr. Carnegie's coach, or by Mr. Depew's plate.

But there is something wrong in the economic system which produces such inequalities. It is useless to argue that the brain of Mr. Depew is worth fifty thousand dollars a year, while the brawn of a brakeman on his railroad—who risks his life every time he couples a car—is not worth more than a thousand dollars a year. Polished and accomplished as Mr. Depew is, his life is worth less to the country than that of one honest laboring man. Long as he has lived, no man has ever been able to point to a single deed of heroism, a single act of self-sacrifice on his part. Glance over your paper to-morrow morning, and you will see where some engineer or fireman or brakeman was killed or crippled in the performance of his duty. There is scarcely an instance where one of them ever flinched in the hour of danger, or ever let death frighten him in the performance of his duty. They are not after-dinner speakers—these horny-handed men—they are rude and uncouth in speech, are not often seen at Sunday-school, or prayer-meeting on Wednesday night, but they have the hearts of noble men in their bosoms, and in the very

jaws of hell the cheek does not blanch, nor the eye quail nor the hand falter.

Mr. Depew's brain has been worth much to his company ; his shrewdness has saved them many hundred thousand dollars, no doubt, but the courage and the faithfulness of these true men have saved it more in property, and preserved thousands of human lives even at the expense of their own. And to their wives and children their lives are more precious than Mr. Depew's life is to any human being. These men are the bread winners, the providers, and the death of one of them means that there are young lions who do lack and suffer hunger.

As to Mr. Carnegie, the inadequacy is much more strongly marked. Let us think of it a moment. His men were getting good wages, compared with what laboring men in other countries are receiving. Yet they struck. Why? He says, because they were discontented about nothing, and desired to control his business affairs without regard to any rights of his to conduct his own business in his own way. There can be no question of his right to run his mills on such terms as seemed best to him, without dictation from anybody else.

On the other hand, his workmen claim that while their wages were higher than those of English, German, and Belgian operatives, yet they could purchase so much less for the money that they were practically beneath their foreign competitors in actual value received. Paying taxes, and paying for the necessities of life, they could barely make both ends meet, and sometimes could not do even that.

Now, from a business standpoint as well as from an ethical one it would seem better and cheaper to pacify these men than to fight them. Suppose Mr. Carnegie had agreed to advance the wages of his men ten cents a day, and this advance had gone into effect as to three thousand of them. Counting three hundred working days to the year, that would have only been ninety thousand dollars to the workmen. Yet he was able to give a hundred thousand—some say two hundred thousand—dollars to a corruption fund to buy these people's votes. He was able to purchase large tracts of land in Scotland, and build a free library in England, but he was not able to grant this increase in the wages of his workmen. The expense of the Pinkertons, and the great losses entailed by the stoppage of the mills since last June, must have swelled this hundred thousand to nearly half a million, which Mr. Carnegie has lost, and could afford to lose without being annoyed about it, or suspending for a day his coaching trip through the Highlands of Scotland. There must be something wrong in an economic system which renders such

a condition of affairs possible, and you may talk to a working man till doomsday without effect, while such a state of things remains.

If a high protective tariff is for the benefit of the laboring man, why is it that men like Chauncey Depew and Andrew Carnegie roll in wealth while the laboring men are out on strikes? This question has been mildly answered at the polls last month. If that answer is not sufficient, it will some day be responded to by the socialist and the anarchist, in a way that can not be misunderstood, and will not be forgotten. Already the attempted murder of Mr. Frick has given some slight warning of what is to follow. Though done by a crank for whose actions no one seems to be responsible, yet the act of that man is emphatic of the unrest which wrong social conditions bring about. Laboring men feel that the fruit of their labor is denied them, and while they wish to keep within the law, and mainly do so, still they are very restive, and in their hearts do not so ardently condemn the acts of lawlessness, which men like Mr. Frick's assailant every now and then commit.

The mechanic and the farmer are conservative by instinct. They each have interests which would suffer by sudden and violent changes of the law. But to each of them a day's labor is a day's labor, and if the price of it is to be fixed by some soft-handed man in the wheat pit at Chicago, or on the box seat of a coach in Scotland they will know the reason why.

In all these strikes there are two parties, who are both wrong. The men are wrong, in that they assume to make themselves superior to the law, and try to dictate to their employers. The employers are wrong because they do not meet their men with the kind heart and the gentle spirit and the loving disposition which they ought to show to those who have been so true and faithful to them for perhaps a score of years. I saw a cost bill once, paid by one of the parties to a lawsuit, of more than three hundred dollars, when the little piece of land in controversy was not worth more than twenty dollars. There is now, in the courts, a similar contention where the strip of ground is worth, by actual measurement, two dollar and forty cents. This kind of contention is like a strike—it is foolish and unprofitable.

Half the money spent in fighting the strikers at Homestead would have prevented a strike. It would have been cheaper, and so much better, to have reasoned with the men, and, if possible, convinced them that the company could not comply with their demands. But that would have been difficult, since it would not have been true, and the men are intelligent. But if the money Mr. Carnegie is spending otherwise had been given

in wages to these laborers there would never have been need for a Pinkerton, nor would there have been the fresh sodded graves at Homestead, and the dull eyes whereon the tears have dried, but the sullen light of hatred and defiance has not faded out.

It will need some good sense and the religion of Jesus Christ to save this country from anarchy. Free men will not stand oppression although it comes upon them panoplied with all the forms of law. We must love one another more; we must care more for the interests of each other; we must not protect one man by robbing another. We can give freely to every man an opportunity to acquire a competence, but we should encourage no man to make his millions, because no man ever acquired so much wealth in his lifetime without robbing some other man. If we equalize our earnings, and make our wealth more uniform there will be no strikes.

RENAN AND SEMITICISM.

THE relations between Judaism and a rational monotheism, or, as it is commonly called, deism, are not to be defined in a sentence or a paragraph. Therefore it is not expected that every one will agree with the views advanced on this subject in the essay upon Ernest Renan in our current number. The Jews generally look upon M. Renan with great favor, and some of their publications extol him as a friend of their race and their religion. Our essayist takes a different view of the subject, in which he may be right or may be wrong.

At any rate his position is likely to provoke criticism. Being catholic in our purposes, both as to politics and religion, we are always glad to give both sides an opportunity to be heard. And in that line of action we have partially made arrangements for the article on Renan to be supplemented by one on the relation of Renan to Judaism from the pen of a learned Rabbi whose name and fame are not bounded by these United States.

We shall welcome whatever he chooses to contribute; for in learning, in piety, in broad catholicity of spirit, this man has very few equals; and the aptness with which he wields a pen has made his name a household word.

Perhaps some Christian divine may also desire to shy his castor in the ring, as the saying goes. If so, it will please us to accommodate him. We aim to please, and intend to make FETTER'S MAGAZINE so good that even the children will cry for it.

OUR PRESIDENT'S LOSS.

SOMETIMES there is a certain gratification even in the saddest events of life. When our forms went to press last month the wife of our President was lying sick, and a great nation was waiting in suspense, as, day by day, bulletins came telling of her condition. Scarcely had our November issue been printed when she died; and the sympathy of more than sixty million people went out toward her stricken family. It is a proud thought that among all these citizens of these United States there was not one vile enough to exult over the grief that came upon her husband. It is, perhaps, a prouder thought that if any one, anywhere, had attempted to express such an exultation his escape from death would have been a miracle. There are times when even lawlessness becomes creditable to a free people.

To Southern people this sort of sorrow more especially appeals. Mr. Benjamin Harrison is the President of the solid South as well as of the divided North. Some Union veterans once refused to march under a picture of President Cleveland for reasons presumably known to themselves. One of them at the time was holding a lucrative office under Mr. Cleveland. The ex-Confederate who fails to pay due deference to the President of these United States would be suspected by his comrades of being a coward or a deserter. They are true to the stars and stripes, as they were to the stars and bars. The flag of the Union is their flag.

The South is not only true to the Union of the States; it is not less true to that union which makes one of man and woman. More perhaps than any other land it holds to those traditions which make sacred the relations of a family. Its alleged lawlessness is in great part due to the instinct which its people have for protecting the roof-tree and defending the ancestral acres against all comers.

To such a people the grief of Mr. Harrison appealed most strongly. He is our President, though we voted solidly against him. There are no politics at the grave-side, and no room for bickerings before the darkened countenance of death. Mr. Harrison, though he be President, is our fellow-citizen; he was a husband and he is a father. To every one of us, who holds the family as sacred as the altar of the temple, his grief comes home. It is our sorrow as well as his, and we sadly share it.

But whatever we may think of Mr. Harrison, and the party which he so thoroughly incarnated, from a public point of view, no man has been bold enough, or vile enough, to cavil at his

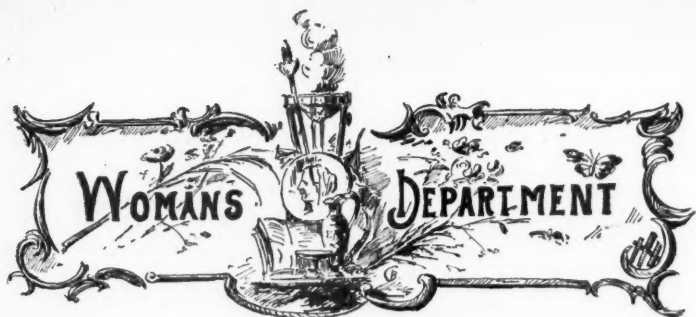
domestic life. Great parties have differed about policy, but in the heat of combat no one has been able to fling a stone at this man because of his misdeeds. In the family he was upright, pure and gentle. In the loss of his wife every true American sorrowed with him. As husband, father, grandfather, he fully represented our best American manhood.

And Mrs. Harrison represented what is even better. She fairly and nobly represented our best type of woman. As wife and mother there was never a breath from any lip that did not speak in praise of her. She was not a negative character: to her to live was to act. She married Benjamin Harrison when he was a poor boy, and from that time until he was elected President she was his inspiration and his better self. He could have said of her—

“And thou shalt be my star of Arcady
Or Tyrian cynosure.”

She has died, as all humans must die. She was the first lady in the land, and in every womanly virtue she was the equal of the best. Her husband could truly weep for her, and when he stood by her grave-side with his tears dropping on the fresh-turned sod, these sixty million American hearts saddened with his sorrow.





Mrs. Caroline E. Merrick, of New Orleans, was born at Cottage Hall, in the parish of East Feliciana, Louisiana. Her mother was from South Carolina, her father was a Virginian, and in her veins flows the blood of distinguished ancestry. Before she had completed her fifteenth year she was married to Edwin T. Merrick, a gentleman who has since become a distinguished lawyer and a Supreme Judge of the State of Louisiana.

There has been an idea, not yet obsolete, that a woman who has social position, friends, and happy home relations, is satisfied to let the world move as it will, and not trouble herself concerning things outside her own charmed circle. Mrs. Merrick's life has been a direct refutation of this charge.

She is a woman of most original mind, and has refused to accept other people's beliefs of things, "because I say so," but has used her own reason, and has dared to have the courage of her convictions.

She also has demonstrated beyond a doubt that a woman may speak in public and yet not lose one iota of her charm of manner in private life. And she has been an object-lesson to a class of women.

There are, unfortunately, women who are good and sincere yet who never get beyond a certain set of ideas. It is difficult for them to understand how one can have an earnest purpose in life, and yet keep an attractive personnel; how a woman can be a Christian and yet curl her hair. Mrs. Merrick has helped teach them that a woman may be graceful, charming, well-dressed and well-bred, and still love God, and be most intensely interested in the well-being of humanity.

For years she has been the president of the Louisiana W. C. T. U., also president of the Woman's Suffrage Association of the same State. She is the chief officer of the Women's League of New Orleans, and vice-president of the Portia Club of the same city.

She is a most brilliant, incisive writer, as well as successful



Engraved from a photograph.

MRS. CAROLINE E. MERRICK.

speaker. She has employed her pen not only in the writing of serious things, but has published stories and character sketches that have received much commendation.

There is not a woman in the South to-day who is more admired, honored and loved by her fellow-women, than Caroline Merrick. An Eastern journalist well expressed her when he said: "She has proved that a woman can be strong-minded, gentle-mannered and sweet-hearted at the same time."

Men make laws, but women create social customs, yet, in America, woman has failed to see the advantage of her position and has not availed herself of her privileges. "They do these things better in France," says the proverb. The writer remembers the reply a man gave, once upon a time, when a woman asked him what he thought of American society.

"Pardon me, madam," said he, "but you have not any society in the United States."

Whether the answer was polite, discreet, or true, each one must judge for herself. But it is only just to remember that the man spoke from his own point of view. Though born in America, he had lived in Rome, Vienna and Paris for many years; and in the latter capital, especially, the social arts, as all the world knows, have reached the highest cultivation. The French *salon* seems to be an institution impossible to transplant to other climes. Many attempts have been made to establish it in American cities and towns, but these attempts have not been successful. Everything is the result of something else, so there must be a reason for the failure.

American society has been largely a hunting-ground for mates. Men and women must marry—especially women, for there has not been much else for them to do—therefore social gatherings of some sort have been necessary. The girl must make her *debut*, which is a polite way of saying it is essential for her to be placed in the market. She is dressed as well as the family purse will allow, and all her good points made the most of, in order that she may attract an eligible wooer. The sooner she is able to accomplish this feat, the more *clat* attends the event. Once married she retires to the background and leaves the field to fresh competitors in the matrimonial game.

The last few years this custom of retiring has been modified. In many instances the married woman declines to be shelved and remains to compete for men's admiration. Her acquired knowledge of masculine nature always makes her a formidable

rival for the *ingenue*, who thinks men are like the impossible heroes in some woman's society novel.

These married women have made flirtation a science, as well as a fine art. Their marvelous knowledge of human nature in some of its phases; their delicate manipulation of individuals; their finesse, their adroitness, and their skill make their predatory escapades very interesting to the spectator. But however necessary may be the opportunities for legitimate mating, and however entertaining to the illegitimate outcome of the same instinct, assemblages composed of crude boys and girls, or of married coquettes and their willing prey, can not be called "society," in its best sense.

The French are never understood outside their own nation. In fact it is doubtful if they understand themselves. They are the most contradictory people on the face of the globe. The most natural, as well as artificial race; the simplest as well as the most complex. While they have a habit of investing things with a false sentiment that often repels, they also look at life with the fresh frankness of children, and although self-consciousness is a national trait, a Frenchman has an ingenuousness that is delicious.

It may be that a combination of these traits is necessary to make a society whose blossom is the *salon*.

An American has an intense, fierce thirst for pleasure, that is not even surpassed by that of the Russian. But he takes his social enjoyments seriously. Give him an idea that he is expected to do something for the entertainment of people, and he feels weighted down with the burden of a heavy responsibility.

A certain lady who has been abroad for a number of years, on her return to her home in a Western city recently, attempted to have social gatherings on the plan of some of those she had known in Europe. Her account of her dismal failure is amusing. There were some persons in the place who were capable of doing something in art, music, and literature, and there were a few others who were fair conversationalists, or who were appreciative listeners, and she fancied she had the ingredients for a *salon*. She was quite right in her suppositions concerning the ingredients, but wrong in thinking she had the power of combining them, so failure was the inevitable result.

Yet there are coteries of people everywhere that do have social converse in the truest sense of the word, and this state of affairs should be the rule, and not the exception.

The writer remembers an informal weekly gathering in New York City that used to assemble some five or six years ago.

There were a few literary aspirants who were only beginning to attempt something ; a small number of artists, making a struggle for public recognition ; a still smaller number of musicians, and a miscellaneous lot of people who were nothing in particular. There were no geniuses, no one even who was exceptionally brilliant. Yet there was a good deal of cleverness, and dullness was an unknown quantity.

Gatherings like this are possible in every community.

"But would you leave out love-making from your social gathering?" asks somebody in great perplexity.

Not at all, my dear sir or madam, whichever you may be. To suppose such a thing possible would show a very small knowledge of human nature. As long as men are men, and women are women, love-making will flourish.

And yet, what poor, pitiful emotions go masquerading under the name of love ! A larger proportion of marriages than is pleasant to think of have not an atom of genuine love in them.

The organ sends forth peals of entrancing music ; the bridal procession goes sweeping up the aisle, and the minister, in well-chosen language and beautiful modulated tones, impressively says "what God hath joined let not man put asunder." God ? Perhaps he had little or nothing whatever to do with the matter. Not nearly as much, at any rate as—some one else.

Many things may be called love. Sometimes it is passion, sometimes sentiment, or maybe it is only a fancy. Often it is a feeling born of propinquity, or opportunity.

A man may suppose he is in love when he is merely having his vanity gratified ; a woman fancies she loves when she is only grateful for having life made pleasant for her.

Mistakes of this sort are common. Perhaps they are the rule. Sometimes they make marriage the hell it has been for many ; but oftener the man or woman, after the first keen suffering is dulled, acquire a habit of living together, and enduring each other, that becomes an affection in time.

Sometimes people who are genuinely in love cause each other to suffer acutely. Often this suffering comes from sensitiveness, and quite as frequently it arises from selfishness. But the most prolific cause is a woman's mood.

Men and women are differently constituted. A man is made of a few broad generalities ; a woman of a multitude of characteristics, constantly intermingling and blending like the colors of a rainbow, yet sharply distinct. It is this variation that has

made her a perplexity to man as well as to herself. If a thing is good to-day, a man can not see why an exact repetition of it to-morrow will not be agreeable, while the woman might change her point of view and wish for something different. That is, while wanting the same tune played, she might prefer a variation of the theme, or like to have the *tempo* changed.

She is always surprised that a man can not follow her through her mental transitions. It requires time for her to learn that a man moves in a straight line to a given point, while she makes a hundred circling evolutions that take her through all sorts of places, and she is disappointed because he can not keep up with her.

The next time you are in a large audience where there are many women, let this thought come in your mind. Almost every woman in the house—for they begin to have funerals at an early age—has a grave in her heart. Something is buried out of sight. It may be love, it may be only a hope or an illusion. But the same inscription is written over every grave; and it reads this way:

"He did not understand."

But who can fitly describe a true marriage? It is a completed existence. It is finding the ideal. The elusive, tantalizing, haunting, intangible something that flits like an *ignis fatuus* before the unmated (whether wedded or otherwise), never comes in the way of those happy souls. Such a marriage as President Edwards', Nathaniel Hawthorne's and that of the two Brownings, is divine, heavenly, rapturous.

And yet, congeniality of sentiment or sameness of taste does not always account for these fortunate marriages. Every one remembers the tender devotion and ardent admiration of Dr. Samuel Johnson for his ugly, pock-marked, commonplace wife, who was twenty years his senior.

George McDonald says the mystery of the sexes is the greatest mystery in the universe.

There is such a thing as love, and there are true marriages, thank God. But from four-fifth of the so-called *affaires du cœur*—good Lord, deliver us!

Angele Crippen.



HAROLD DESPLAINES' VOW.

HAROLD DESPLAINES stood before Gwendolyn Maltravers in the drawing-room of her father, Herbert Maltravers, the retired plumber. The electric lights from chandeliers of solid gold shone down upon the handsome couple, lending additional brilliancy to their otherwise bright faces. The natural gas in the grate was turned on full and diffused its cheerful warmth through the elegant apartment. Beautifully bound volumes graced the center table; handsomely framed pictures adorned the walls; articles of vertu were distributed tastefully, but in the greatest profusion, around the room.

It could be seen at once that this was a home of wealth and refinement. The Maltravers belonged to one of the oldest families; they took ice all the winter, they employed a man cook, wore Sunday clothes during the week, had their teeth plugged whenever it was required, and showed, in every way, their right to be classed among the most exclusive of an exclusive set.

Harold Desplaines stood before Gwendolyn Maltravers. He had stood there before, but now there was a strange light in his eye. His eye was usually pale blue, but in his excitement it had darkened and shone with an opalescent brilliancy like the eye of a cat in a garret.

"Gwendolyn," he said, his voice trembling with suppressed emotion. The girl shifted uneasily. "Gwendolyn Maltravers, I have never before spoken to you of love."

"No, you have not," she replied, reproachfully, "and you have been coming here for—"

"Do not interrupt me," he said, almost harshly. "I have

never spoken to you of love before because I have solemnly sworn never to marry a woman who has money, and it is said that your father is thrice a millionaire. Humiliating as it is to a man of my proud spirit, I renounce my oath although my word is dearer to me than my life, and I now ask you, will you be my wife? But wait, I have not told you all. You know that I am a pronounced Republican and hold the position of money-order clerk in the postoffice. As soon as the hated Democrats come into power I will lose my place and, worst of all, I have wagered my salary from now until the fourth of March that Illinois would go Republican. You know the result. I am a ruined man and nothing is left me now but your love." The strong man bowed his head, overcome by his emotions. Gwendolyn drew herself up to her full height. She did not often do this, but she felt that the occasion demanded it.

"Harold," her voice sounded as sweet to him as the dinner bell on Thanksgiving Day. "Harold, look up." He slowly raised his aristocratic head until his eye met hers, and for the first time his sad face was lighted up with a gleam of hope, for he saw at a glance that he was loved. "Harold, I will not keep you in suspense," the girl spoke slowly but resolutely; "I love you even as you do me and I will marry you upon one condition."

"Oh! name it, darling; there is nothing that I would not do to please you; I am willing that we should live with your folks, I would die for you, or do anything that would add to your happiness." The girl bent her queenly head until her sweet breath fanned his glowing cheek.

"Harold, I will marry you *if you will quit smoking cigarettes.*"

Harold reeled as though he had received a severe blow. The despair that shone upon his otherwise dauntless brow could be read by the most casual observer. "Gwendolyn, that is too much," he almost shrieked, but recovering himself instantly, the spirit of high resolve came into his face, and with a voice husky with suppressed emotion, he said, "I accept the conditions, I will quit smoking cigarettes—I swear it."

No sooner were the fateful words uttered than he became conscious of the frightful vow he had made, and as he thought of the terrible struggle before him, he uttered a groan and fell prostrate at Gwendolyn's feet. Harold Desplaines was dead. He had died of *heart failure*.

LIGHTSOME—Well, Moses, did you give thanks Thursday?

MOSES—Mein Gott, no! times is too hard; I doan gif nuddings away.

George Griffith Fetter.

BOOK NOTICES.

"BARBARA DEERING." By Amelie Rives. From J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia. On the title page the writer has significantly quoted Goethe's lines:

"Life teaches us
To be less strict with others, and ourselves;
Thou'lt learn the lesson too."

The new volume is a sequel to "The Quick or the Dead," but if any one thinks the contents of the book are of a sort to set the world agog as did the first volume he will be disappointed. There is much in the book to suggest serious thought, and there is but little to be condemned, even by the hypercritical.

One thing that must strike the reader forcibly is the vivid word pictures that the author gives, when she is speaking of nature.

No one but the closest observer could so give an idea of the subtle moods, the varying colors and the delicate forms in the out-door world. Any one can see the gold, the glowing crimson, the intense purple of the sunset-sky, but it requires a finer, keener insight to discern the delicate tones of a winter's landscape, with their faint lilac and gray tints; or the sombre, shadowy browns of late autumn, that hide gleams of sunshiny yellow in their breasts. All this Miss Rives can do in a manner that is delicious to one who loves nature. Perhaps this is only an outgrowth of the same power of analysis that she shows in writing of men and women. One is convinced while reading the story that he sees through the eyes of the one who is speaking. Take the hero to whom "this talk of communion of heart and soul," was, in a measure, meaningless, and see how he raged inwardly because he thought his wife looked down upon his love as something to be put up with. "since he was that singularly constituted being—a man, and could not help himself." He knew she loved him, but saw with bitterness that she could instantly call up an icy irony of manner, that almost maddened him. He was unhappy because he was afraid his wife's feeling for him "would become a mawkish friendship instead of a fiery love."

Deering is certainly a natural man. One can not help wondering where the author met him.

But the delineation of Barbara is still better. Her emotional states of mind are often given in a few graphic words. For example, the following passage gives the most exact description of a certain state of mind that any woman can understand:

"She seemed to herself to have faded mentally, as pastel portraits fade sometimes until their once vivid tints are only dull half tones." This was written of her during her two years of double widowhood, before her marriage with Deering. It would not be quite true to say the author understands woman—is there any one who does?—but she is successful in transcribing many of her characteristics. "A very impassioned woman may be a very spiritual one." And in a few words she shows how terrible the intimacy of married lovers might be without absolute tenderness. She sees the difference between sensuousness and sensuality, but does not clearly define it for the reader, unless he knew before. The writer seems to realize that a man can give no more in the way of love than he has capacity for, and quite respects his limitations. She wishes to help other women attain the same realization. At the same time, she dimly perceives that a woman's whims should not always be taken seriously.

Outside the hero and heroine the characters in the book are rather vague and indefinite. They are not much more than necessary pieces of furniture that help to make the stage-setting.

"MR. AND MRS. BEWER" is a translation by Mrs. D. N. Lowry of a story written by Paul Lindau. From Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

It has a suggestion of Alphonse Daudet's "Nabob" about it, without being in the least like that story. The heroes of both these tales have spent years of self-imposed exile in the East, where they have accumulated fortunes which they have returned to their native land to enjoy. The same kind of simplicity characterizes both men, and the same misfortune attends them. But there the resemblance ceases. The stories are totally different.

This tale of Lindau's is hopelessly sad from the commencement to the finish. It is unredeemed by anything light or bright. Even about the very love making there is an intangible atmosphere of prophetic evil. The hero sees for himself how things will be, without in the least recognizing the foreknowledge, and without the desire to know. He willingly cheats himself.

The book is as pure as crystal, and the story is interesting throughout.





Drawn by C. Grunwald.

VICTORINE.—(See story, "In Mortmain.")